THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XXIII ROBERT BONNER, PUBLISHER, 90 BEEKMAN ST. SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1867. TERMS. $3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 26.

THE SICK MILKMAID.

BY ALICE CARY.

The meadows, the meadows!
How sweet and how bright
They lie in the glory
Of dew-drops to-night!
From hill-top to hill-top
The clouds stretched like bars,
And the gates of the twilight
Surmounted by stars!
O pulses so languid
Awake and arouse!
And bear me, O weary feet,
Back to my cows!

The meadows, the meadows!
How green and how gay
They drop in the moonlight,
Away and away!
And upward and upward
How quickly they rise,
Till they seem to be kissing
The face of the skies.
I long, how I long
For the whispery boughs,
And I long to be hunting
And calling my cows!

The pathways, the pathways!
How sweetly they fall,
Through mint-beds, and daisies,
And roses, and all;
I'm tracing their windings
Along the glad streams,
And treading their velvetty
Slopes in my dreams!
I hear the winds asking
To dance with the boughs,
And I long to be calling
And milking my cows!

The meadows, the meadows!
Oh, if I must die,
Beneath their wild blossoming
Turf let me lie!
Where, lowly and slowly,
The echoes prolong
The finches' and thrushes'
Sweet song upon song;
And where, at the sunset,
Beneath the green boughs,
The maids of the village
Come calling their cows.

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TOM HEYWOOD.

The most noisy and ostentatious influences of summer are not those which chiefly shape its destiny. It is the sum of small and even inconspicuous things, acting in gentle continuity, that give tone and character to the year. Frosts, that in summer become dews; dews, that in winter are transformed to frosts; tiny mosses and silken grasses; the up-sucking of moisture by hidden and silent roots; the fall of outworn leaves, and their conversion to mould; the silent power of remote orbs, that sheet the earth with light, pierce it with heat, that move the tides, and swing the globe itself around its circuit—these undemonstrative and modest influences—silent, precious, invisible attractions—are the great workers of Nature.

Nor is the analogy wanting in the soul of man. The influential agents which determine destiny are often so soft and subtle that the very touch is not felt, nor the presence discovered of things which change or fix the mind's moods, and, with constant recurrence, fashion the character.

The unexpressed thoughts of Barton Cathcart, the rising and falling doubts, that shifted and changed like the sky-fleece of a summer day, were wearing channels in his soul, and threatening to undermine his life.

Nor could he tell what, at length, arrested the morbid tendency, or what, gradually and gently acting, began to give hope and health to his moral nature. Certain it was, that from the period recorded in his journal, the disintegrating tendency of his mind was checked, and a constructive tendency was established. The fascinations of self-torment seemed to have spent themselves. It is true that the progress toward health was imperceptible at any single point. But the morbid symptoms had been checked, and a curative tendency had been established.

Even more than ever before, he became a frequent visitor at Dr. Wentworth's. Much he talked with the doctor, and much with Rose; but never respecting himself. It was his wont to converse of some principle or process, or of some imagined case, although the subject matter was in reality his own experience.

This thin veil did not deceive his friends, but served to save his delicacy, and secured a frankness and liberty which would have been otherwise impossible to one so sensitive.

Rose, peculiarly sagacious in penetrating character, discerned, in a certain general way, and appreciated Barton's state of mind. Nor was she insensible to the attractions arising from the very troubles of so noble a nature.

The suffering of a great nature, if silently borne and uncomplainingly, is irresistibly affecting. In Barton there was the greatest energy and the greatest helplessness, the strength of a vigorous manhood and infantine weakness. To common eyes his lot seemed eminently fortunate. He was the envied man of the village. Every one predicted the most auspicious future. But Rose knew that all the outward portion was hollowed out and made empty by the disquiet of his mind.

When Cathcart met Rose in the presence of others, he joined in the common conversation or in the amusements with a gaiety that rendered his presence charming. But no sooner were they thrown together alone than to Rose he began speaking of deeper themes, and in a tone of earnest, and, at times, almost anguishful enthusiasm. She could not but perceive that to her he brought the treasure of his inmost, deepest nature. Nor could Rose hide from herself the fascination of such an intercourse. It was a mute appeal for help. This unconscious and artless flattery was exquisite. A woman's pity often opens the door to love.

But equally strong is the need of looking up, of worshipping. If a woman must lean, she needs strength to lean upon; if she must look up, then there must be some one higher than she; if she reveres, there must be to her imagination something of divinity to call for a worship. All women marry gods, but sadly consent afterwards to live with men. The quenching of their resplendent imaginations, the discovery and full conviction that the husband cannot, by his strength and goodness, dominate the heart and be sovereign in love, at length produce a great crisis. Some easily yield up the delusion, call it romance, and consent to live a life of feeble and fitful love, which has in it no worship, and much contempt. Others there are, of diviner mould, who cannot lose faith in Love, though they sadly admit that they have missed it. They know that there is a life which they never live; that there might arise out of their hearts a love so great, so pure, so commanding and satisfying, that all other experiences of fortune would, in comparison, be of little moment. Royalty and Fortune have no light to fill the vault of life when Love is eclipsed or has gone down. But if Love be regent every other light may go out and it will fill the life with a light that shall make poverty itself luminous, and sickness and toil bright and joyous.

Many and many a heart there is that has missed its aim, confessed its defeat. Some, then, distribute their affections in many channels, as if to gain by diffusion what they have lost in concentrated form. Some bury their Love and keep watch as over a sepulchre, with sorrow, and yet with hope. Hope on! There is a resurrection for every true heart that suffering for love, is faithful to the end!

Rose was one of the few who knew beforehand, and as by an inspiration, that she must love upward, and that the man to whom her heart should go forth must be found on no downward path, nor on any level, but along an upward road. It was the want of that overshadowing power in Barton, the want of that commanding energy, which held her affections in warm friendship, but failed to ripen them into love. And so long as Barton was not the master of himself—so long as he carried a divided life, and uncertain and vacillating hopes, he could not rise to that calmness of strength and loftiness of soul which draw men to a great nature, as birds are drawn to build and sing in the boughs of a great tree.

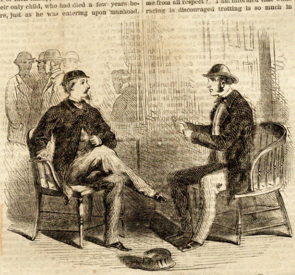
But, whatever might have been the result had Barton pressed his suit with Rose, he was unconsciously led in a wiser way.

Some of his feelings we have seen in the record of his journal. But he was not destined to maintain his honorable reserve without some painful struggles. The appearance in Norwood of Mr. Thomas J. Heywood was an event intimately connected with his whole after life.

Heywood's mother had an only sister living here, and that fact, joined to the reputation of the place for health and beautiful scenery, led him to choose Norwood in preference to any of the hundred points of attraction in New England for a summer's resort. No considerable intimacy had existed between these two sisters. His mother had married early and always had lived in the South. Visits had, to be sure, been occasionally interchanged; but that was all. They loved each other because they had the same mother, and because they lived hundreds of miles apart. Had they lived together, utterly different tastes and associations would have produced discord. As it was, each imagined the other to be what she wished her to be, or what she imagined that she was.

Heywood, or as he always called himself and was called in his home, Tom Heywood, was about Barton's age, of peculiarly winning manners, uniting a certain lofty air to a genial familiarity.

To be reared in wealth may or may not be a blessing. But to inherit a sound constitution, a mind of good quality and inclining to moral and intellectual pursuits, a disposition elastic and cheery, surely this is to be born to fortune. If to this be added the society of cultivated people, and companions who both love and admire one, it may well be expected that a young man's head would be slightly turned. Tom Heywood's head, however, stood quite well upon his shoulders, and he showed very little spoiling. It is probable that he perceived the good impression which he made wherever he went. The flattering cordiality with which his advances had always been received had not tended wholly toward humility. In honest truth, there was a gentle impression in his mind that he was very attractive, and that when he should find a woman of qualities admirable enough, he had only to pass through the decorous processes of approach and acquaintance, and to propose himself to her with due ardor, to be duly and heartily accepted. This slightest bit of conceit was almost unknown to himself. It was the unconscious effect upon a sensible and honorable nature of having been a supreme favorite from childhood. But it did not stain through and affect his manners. It remained latent, restrained from expression by good sense and good breeding. On his first visit to Norwood he spent but a summer, visiting very little except in his aunt's family. So well was he pleased, that the next season he returned early, and with the purpose of study as well as amusement. And although for a time he preferred rooms at the Mansion House, toward autumn he accepted the continuous solicitations of his aunt and her husband, and became a member of their family, and took the place of a son, their only child, who had died a few years before, just as he was entering upon manhood.



["YES, MR. HEYWOOD, THAT'S A GOOD BILL—GINOOINE—NO COUNTERFEIT ABOUT IT."]

It was said by those who thought they knew, that it was Josiah Chandler's intention to make Heywood his heir. However this may have been, there can be no reasonable doubt that Mrs. Chandler proposed in her heart to secure that for him which it had been the hope of her life to secure for her son—a connection with the Wentworths. And during the summer of 1859, and the winter following, Tom Heywood was very generally spoken of as Rose's suitor. But the same thing had been said of Frank Esel, of Barton Cathcart, and of several others, and all the stories about Tom Heywood might have been just as baseless.

Until we learn something about it from the parties themselves, it may be as well to imagine that we know nothing about it.

We prefer to let Heywood give his own impressions of Norwood and its people.

HEYWOOD TO HIS BROTHER.

"MY DEAR HAL.:—In spite of your predictions, I am settled in Norwood! It is *not* a huge jumble of bricks, as you predicted, nor a noisy manufacturing town swarming with operatives. On the contrary, I find an extremely attractive village, of a few thousand inhabitants, nestled down close upon the Connecticut river, and in sight of goodly hills. To be sure, these mountains, as they are here called, would cut a sorry figure by the side of the mountains in old Virginia, but they are quite promising in their way. I quite admire the good taste and snugness of these Yankee houses. Especially do I approve of setting back the houses and separating them from the street by deep ornamental yards. There is an air of elegance and of seclusion given the buildings which, if, like our village houses, they were placed on the very line of the street without shrubbery or grounds, they would utterly fail of having.

* * * * * *

"Behold me, then, prying and spying, sharp as a lynx, but just as a judge—a political economist of whom Henry C. Carey need not be ashamed! Expect from me no vain discourses of sport; nothing of horses or hounds; nothing of hunting or fishing; nothing of frivolous pleasures, which I am expected suitably to look down upon. I am in Puritan New England! Already I feel my face sensibly longer. My features are changing into a sharper and more inflexible cast! I no longer spend my money needlessly—no; I am infected with economy—I ask the price of every thing, turn it over with an inspecting eye, as if weighing the great question of the relation of price to cost of production. I pay with slowness, and count the change with solemnity. 'When you are among the Romans,' etc. The nasal twang I am practicing. If you should come hither, do not look for a chestnut-haired, blue-eyed young fellow, with a cherry cravat flaming at his throat, a cigar in his mouth, laughing loud enough to be heard over all the village; look for a precise young gentleman, stepping with only less formality than is required at a funeral, and looking as earnest and as anxious as such eyes and features can,—then recognize your friend! How long I shall enjoy my metamorphosis I cannot predict; but it is certain that I am amused at my own propriety thus far.

"I will keep you advised, every few weeks, of my affairs, and shall expect in return a full disclosure of all at home, which I hardly dare think about for fear an unmanly home-sickness may befall me. But, good-bye! Be virtuous, and you shall be happy! TOM HEYWOOD.

"*P. S.*—I have just come in from a stroll since writing the above, and my vanity is a little piqued. I overheard one of the young clerks saying to another, 'I know that fellow is Southern, by the free and easy way he uses money!' So all my efforts are no deception! What would they think if they saw me at home?

"Another thing,—and horrible to relate,—I have just learned that there is a race-ground at Springfield, hardly twenty miles from here! Is this New England? Have I not held my peace, as if even to speak of field-sports would banish me from all respect? I am informed that while racing is discouraged trotting is so much in vogue, that, in agricultural fairs, it constitutes the chief attraction!

"How does that compare with our notions of Puritan strictness? Who knows but I may find out that this gelid land and rigorous people may have, under their ribs, as much heart as Virginians have, with only a different way of showing it?

"I must draw rein, or my postscript will be longer than my letter. A woman's postscript, you know, is said to contain the gist of the letter, or, as you would say, the letter is the pistol, and the postscript the bullet. Again, fare thee well! T. H."

HEYWOOD TO HIS BROTHER.

"Thanks, dear Hal, for your long and substantial letter. You are the best of all correspondents.

"Your letters are pictures. Strange, that a sheet of paper, with mere lines and blotches, should bring before the mind more clearly than painting could do objects which they only suggest by the law of association, but don't represent in the slightest degree in form or color! After reading your letter, do I not see the dear old home in living form? father—tall, dignified, fiery, and yet running over with kindness—every day blazing out at something, and yet cheery, placable, and generous to a fault?

"Do I not see Sue and Mary romping? and young Hillyer, with that good-natured, boastful tongue, running like Miller Gibbs's wheel,—foam without, and yet grinding good grain within? I really felt a qualm of home-sickness as I read your charming account of matters—coming in early from the garden with flowers for the breakfast table. But homesickness is unweanedness. Its existence and severity show how much need there was of removing from home, and of learning to live by one's self.

"I am sure I have enough to do, and matters of a kind congenial to my tastes. I am studying this Yankee people with the utmost zest. Of course, many of them are like our own folks. Cultivated people are always more or less alike the world over. On that very account one studies the middle and lower classes for distinctive characters, as there, if anywhere, is apt to be found originality and eccentricity. I had an impression that the rigor of Puritan morals, and a coercive public sentiment, held every thing here down to set patterns, and that I should find a dreary sameness of a kind not very interesting. But the under people here are rich in peculiarities. They open up well already.

"In the south there is more liberty of *action*, and in the north of *thought*. Law is not so strong among us. A population thinly scattered through wide territory are obliged to take their affairs into their own hands, and are less likely to wait for redress or opportunity for the slow process of law. Men here live in attrition, yet universally respect the law. Among the lower classes Law is put instead of Religion. Yesterday a man had been aggrieved by a neighbor. I heard him say, in a great passion, 'I'll have the law of him if there's any justice in the land.' Had it been in Virginia, the man would have threshed the offender on the spot, and settled his grievance without judge or jury.

"I hardly know how to convey my impressions of Yankee activity. It is something fearful to me. Leisure and laziness seem to be regarded as equivalents. There is a constant pushing industry. I see this strikingly in the conveniences about their dwellings. Almost every house might be studied by our people to learn how many comforts and economies may be concentrated in a dwelling without expense, except of wit and skill.

"I should never have known but for this New England experience what wealth there is in economy. And what economy is possible when people put as much thought and earnestness into every detail of life as they do here! It is a perfect study and amusement to me. Brought up to hear the Yankees stigmatized as stingy and mean, I cannot divest myself of a certain contempt for their minute frugality, and their everlasting calculations, and the repression of impulse in favor of principle, or foresight, or prudence of some sort or other.

"I cannot better illustrate the traits of some of this people than in giving an account of a fellow called Hiram Beers, who seems to have an eye on this whole community, and whose tongue walks to and fro and cuts like a razor. He is a wag, and yet as far from being a fool as he is from being a gentleman.

"Did I tell you that I had bought a horse?—a Morgan horse—with his hoofs filled with steel springs, and his eyes with lambent fire?

"But I must not take the credit of buying, but of only consenting to his purchase. Hiram Beers is my good angel. By the way, if you were to call him *Beers*, nobody would know whom you meant, on a week day. *Hiram* is his name. And though there may be a hundred Hirams hereabouts, only he is *Hiram!*

"You might search all the Old Dominion for such a specimen and not find it. He is the growth of this community, as much as air plants are of the tropics. He is a mixture of deacon, doctor, jockey, jester and philosopher—if you can imagine what that compound would be. He is of that nervous temperament that sleeps little, eats little, works incessantly, thinks and talks for his own mere relief. And yet, contradictory as it may sound, he produces the impression on you of a shrewd, cautious and considerate man. He is always saying some humorous thing, and giving half-laughs, as if he had thought of something else and could not afford the rest of a laugh. He knows every body that ever lived in Norwood. Every summer, when the town is thronged, Hiram knows who has come, where he stays, when he goes. It is the same, apparently, for the whole neighborhood. And as for horses, his knowledge is intuitive, and almost a homely omniscience.

"Behold me, then, sitting in the office of the Mansion House, the very disciple of this cute and curious Yankee teacher!

"'Beers, I want a good horse——'

"'My name is Hiram;—I keep Beers for Sunday. When I get my meetin' clo's on, I expect folks to call me Mr. Beers, or Hiram Beers; but week days I go and come on Hiram. What was you sayin'?'

"'Can you tell me where to look for a good horse?'

"'Wal, Bledsoe's got abeout the best steppin' creetur that I know of. Can do it in about two-thirty, and do it every time; sound as a knot; hain't a scratch on her; silk feels coarse after ye take yer hand off her hide; and the lovin'ist eye ye ever saw in a man's head, or a woman's either.'

"'What does he ask for her?'

"'Wal, I don't know,' said Hiram, glancing at one or two persons present, and then looking steadily out of the window for a minute. 'I guess you'll have to wait till he's sold off every-thing else pretty much down to her. After he's sold his wife and children, I expect you may get a bargain out of him for the mare.'

"'But I asked you for a horse that I could *buy*.'

"'Mebbe you did. But all I heerd you say was,—Can you tell me where I can look for a good horse? Now you can *look* at Bledsoe's horse for a year runnin', and he won't charge you nothin'.'

"I colored a little, but Hiram did not move a feature, or look away from an empty fire-place into which every now and then he squirted a volley of tobacco spittle.

"Presuming that I had neglected a proper fee, and that there was the rub, after a few minutes I quietly slipped a dollar bill into his hand. Slowly unrolling it, he examined the engraving, read the signatures, held it up to the light, and then gravely handed it back to me.

"'Yes, Mr. Heywood, that's a good bill—ginooine—no counterfeit about it.'

"'Keep it, Hiram—keep it.'

"'What should I keep it for? You don't owe me anything!'

"'Well, Hiram, I ought to pay you for any information I can get.'

"'Oh, you think the information about Bledsoe's mare is worth a dollar, do ye? Wal, I don't. Put up your money to pay your debts with. When I've *airnt* it, it'll be time to pay me. If ye want me to lay myself out for you on a good horse, say so, and then I'll tell ye what I'll do it for. I don't want no charity yet.'

"'Very well. I wish a good horse, as good a horse as can be had, without going to an extravagant price, and I am willing to pay your expenses and trouble if you will serve me.'

"'I'll show you five good creturs, and if any of 'em suit you, you may pay me ten dollars; and if I fetch you five more, you may pay me fifteen, and then if you aint suited, I can't please you.'

"A few days afterwards, I was called down to try a horse. It was a picture! Black as a coal, and not a *spot* on him. Docile and obedient, but with immense spirit. I had not driven a half mile before I was satisfied.

"'Hiram, this 'll do. I'll take him. What's the price?'

"'Well, now, you was born down South, war'nt you? If you had been born along the Connecticut you'd asked the price first, and held off a good bit, afore you let a fellow know whether you was pleased or not. Howsumever, it's all right. I thought I'd try you, and so I brought the best one first. If you'd neglected this, you'd sartainly have got a poor one.'

"'Well, I like him so much,' said I, the next day, 'that I am willing to pay you twice as much as I promised,' offering him two ten dollar bills. Hiram took one of them, folded it carefully, put it in his wallet, and then looking in an amusing way at the head of some president of a bank, engraved on the other bill, he began to soliloquize. 'Yes, old fellow—president of a bank—no doubt rich as medder land. Made it all yourself, too. I 'spose you bought at just what folks said. I 'spose you paid twice as much as you promised! That's the way hereabouts in New England. That's the way to get rich,' and with that he laughed down in his belly, though only a sniff or two came out of his face. Handing me back my money, with very much the benignant air with which a relaxing father gives back a forfeited jackknife to a repentant boy, he lectured me in a most edifying manner.

"'I've seen a good many men from your parts. They come up here every summer, and are very flush of money. They think they can buy everybody. They fall in with a low sort of people and foreigners, mere hangers-on, and such creturs will take as long as you will give. Lord, sir, they are like a barrel with two bungholes, one atop and the other under. You may pour in all day and they won't fill up. But they are not our people. The fact is, we northern men work hard, and have to. We know the value of time, and stuff, and work, and if we weren't close as bark we should all be in the poorhouse. But there is a sight of difference between being tight and being mean. If a man airns his money he has a right to it, and to the last cent jest as much as to the first. And if a man hasn't airn'd it, he's a mean cuss if he takes it anyhow, unless he's extremely old, very lame, and hain't got no children, nor relations, and is afeerd of goin' to the poorhouse. That's the very difference between an Irishman and a Yankee; a Yankee wants his own money, an Irishman wants *yours*.'

"I was too much amused to find fault with Hiram's airs, especially as he gave me to understand that he highly esteemed my judgment in stable matters, and in the under society of the town, you may be sure Hiram's opinion establishes my reputation; for he is the oracle."

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HEYWOOD TO HIS BROTHER.

"MY DEAR HAL.—You rally me upon the character of my acquaintances, and compliment me upon the improvement which will appear when I return from this elysium of gardens, workmen, hostlers, &c. It would be a pity that you should fail of your own enjoyment since I certainly have mine. Working people, in a community where work is the badge of servitude, cannot represent the value and personal excellence of working men in a different state of society where nothing is more honorable than labor; where all, more or less, perform it; where men are taught from childhood that manliness and honor require one to be personally as much as possible independent of others' help, and to perform with our person a large part of the offices which, with us, servants are expected to render. So much, at least, I have already found out. As a student of political economy, I begin to perceive facts and truths, about this northern population, which I could never have learned but by living among them. The common people of such communities give tone and character to society, more than do the educated people. For they are intelligent, inquisitive, endlessly curious of knowledge, and accustomed to dispute and argue every question that arises. They are readers of books and devourers of newspapers. It would be impossible to find in all New England, in the remotest and rudest portions, such neighborhoods of hopeless ignorance as we have at home, on every hand.

"But you inquire what other acquaintances I have formed? Many, and most agreeable ones. What intimacies have ensued? Well, but *one* companionship as yet. I am becoming warmly interested in a young man here, who has been teaching here since he left college, and who designed studying for the pulpit. But some trouble of mind, I know not what, seems to shut that avenue, and he is now, in his leisure, studying law with Judge Bacon, and so we are much thrown together.

"I suspect that there is more than the love of science that takes Barton Cathcart to Dr. Wentworth's house. There is a Miss Rose Wentworth, you should understand, whom, not her features, but her expression makes handsome. When her face kindles, as it easily does, it is surprisingly attractive. Quite learned, I am told, and especially a lover of the fields and forest, as all maidens, at the sentimental period of their lives, are or ought to be. This inclination was inherited from her father, Dr. Reuben Wentworth, and the tendency became fixed by his careful education of his daughter. This I am told by friends of the doctor, who look upon him not only as a man of remarkable skill in his profession, but as an original nature in as utter contrast with the surrounding people as an opal is with the rock in which it is imbedded. Judge Bacon, an astute New-England man, himself a notable character, calls Dr. Wentworth an idealistic naturalist with a practical shell on. By the way, Barton's own sister and his only one, Miss Alice Cathcart, was at Dr. Wentworth's yesterday. Like her brother, she is brunette. Both of them have high blood—I know it by the clearness of the features, the fine lines of the lips. The whole face and form represent the higher human element—moral sentiments and intelligence, more than the animal nature; and this is what I call high breeding.

"The two young ladies, Miss Rose and Miss Alice, are of one age to a night and a day, and call themselves the twins with two mothers.

"My acquaintances are limited and casual. With Judge Bacon, more than with any one, I have had familiar intercourse. He is one who might have been born in Virginia. What higher compliment could I pay?

"But I find many Southern families here, and were I so minded I might pass my time from morning to night in agreeable company. But I have other ends in view than mere amusement. Do not smile when I say that I am reading diligently. Why should I bore you with *that?* I know that you would rather hear of sports, horses, people—and so I have written!"

* * * * * *

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

—If there be a situation wherein woman may be deemed to appropriate angelic attributes, it is when she ministers, as only woman can, to the wants and the weakness of the invalid! Whose hands like hers can smooth his pillow? whose voice so effectually silences the querulousness of his temper, or soothes the anguish of his disease? Proffered by her, the viand hath an added zest, and even the nauseous medicament is divested of its loathsomeness.

—Let us beware of judging ourselves by what others think of us.

THE LOVER'S WARNING.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

With the exception of myself, we were a merry party as we sat around the glowing, bright coal fire on that cold and stormy night which Fate singled out from all other nights to try my heart and nerves.

My pretty cousin, Kate, and her pet friend, Rose Chester, Will. Oliver and myself made up the group in my Aunt Mercy's cosy parlor. My three companions had been harrowing up their own and my feelings by reciting all the horrors and spiritual manifestations with which their memories were stored. At last Kate turned to me and exclaimed, in a quick, sudden way:

"Milly, do you belive in ghosts?"

"I don't know, I am sure," I answered, musingly. "To tell you the truth, children, I am just in the mood to believe in anything horrible, ghosts or otherwise. I was never so completely enwrapt within the blue mists of the vapors in my life."

"Well, you have been acting like it," said Rose, with one of her few attempts at asperity. "You have hardly spoken a word this evening; and since you said good-bye to Jack Wilmot, you have looked like a statue of grief upon a tombstone, smiling at patience, or whatever it is."

"That's a very successful quotation," laughed Will., in his lazy nanner; "but certainly Milly has neglected us all shamefully since Jack went away."

This was very true. Since the departure of my lover, three days before, I had been oppressed with a most unusual and unaccountable melancholy. It was not my first parting with Jack. We had been separated by time and distance many times before since our engagement, but on this occasion I had been sad from the moment he spoke of going away.

"O Jack, dear Jack!" I whispered when he held me in his arms and kissed me good-bye, "I feel as though I shall never see you again."

"Nonsense, Milly," he said, carelessly; then in a lower tone, unheard except by myself, "You shall see me on the third day from this; expect me on Thursday, my little girl." And he was gone.

But now it was the third day, and Thursday evening, and he had not come, nor had I heard of him one word since he left me. True, he had only gone to the country town, not more than fifteen miles from my own home, and there had been no occasion to write, nor, probably, no opportunity of sending me a letter or a message if he had wished to; for the means of communication between the lonely little country place and the town where he had gone were few and rare. But it was in vain that I endeavored to argue against the fears and doubts that beset my mind. Within my soul was the assurance of some dreadful calamity hanging over me; and, as if with a perverse intention of driving me to desperation, Kate, Rose and Will. persisted in recounting to each other all the tales of dreadful murders, of ghostly warnings, of haunting spirits, and of dire and horrible sights, with which their memories were filled, apparently to overflowing. At length I could bear it no longer. I started up, almost with a shriek.

"For Heaven's sake!" I exclaimed, "keep quiet for a minute or two—long enough for me to get out of hearing; unless you mean to drive me crazy with your outrageous and monstrous stories."

The three burst into a merry peal of laughter, and I have no doubt I looked and spoke absurdly enough; while they could not realize the agony I endured. As I hurried from the room and ran swiftly upstairs, I heard their good-natured laughter, and certain satirical remarks from Will. pursuing me; and I hastened to shut myself in my own room. The sound of my own voice and their jeering merriment had somewhat broken up the current of my thoughts, and I hoped I was rid of my boding thoughts for the night. But the stillness and solitude of my own room soon brought them all back, with, it seemed, a whole legion of companions much more dreadful than those my mind had already harbored.

I paced the room from side to side, from end to end, from corner to corner, and then crosswise; but all to no purpose. Cold fears shook me from head to foot; if the window-shutters creaked, or the shingles on the roof rattled, I trembled as if with an ague, and my heart thumped almost to choke me. I turned up the flame of the lamp so high that my little room was almost as light as at mid-day; and then I drew aside the window curtain and looked out on the night. Since morning there had been a blinding snow-storm; and the snow was still falling, but not heavily; and through the rifts of cloud the moonbeams were faintly struggling now and then, so that I saw it would soon clear off and be a bright moonlight night.

"I will be with you on the third day," I repeated to myself, reproachfully; and then I chid myself severely for the thought, and said to my heart, "Heaven forbid that he should have started on a journey such a day as this—I deserved to be punished for having wished it," and then my thoughts once more perversely returned to his promise: "I will be with you on the third day from this!"

In that form I had repeated his words ever since he had left me; but now I remembered, with a sudden terrible thrill of almost deadly fear, that such was *not* the form of his promise. He had said, "You shall see me on the third day from this!" I started up with every previous fear a hundred-fold exaggerated.

"I might see him, perhaps, but he might never again see me—never again! never again!" I began to weep hysterically; and then calming myself with considerable effort, I knelt and prayed for the safety of my beloved, and entreated Heaven to guard over him if he was in any danger and keep him from harm. I began to prepare for bed, although I did not feel much like sleep; but I longed greatly for the morning. I unbound my hair and began brushing it slowly; to do so often soothed me, and disposed me to sleep. But as I sat before the looking-glass an old and childish fear recurred to me and startled me anew; if a face were suddenly to look over my shoulder, and appear reflected beside my own in the glass—if I should meet the gaze of other eyes than those already reflected there, looking back into my own? I felt that such a sight might drive me mad, and I hurriedly pushed back my chair and sat in such a manner that I could not see myself in the mirror. I continued to brush my hair—it was very long and thick, and it tired me to draw the heavy brush through it again and again.

I was growing sleepy, and my fears were dropping away from me. I forgot the superstitious dread of seeing a face peering over my shoulder while I looked in the glass; my thoughts drifted away to the time when I had first met Jack Wilmot—handsome sailor Jack, as I had been accustomed to hear him called long before I had ever seen him. Gradually I became absorbed in these memories; I went over all the little incidents of our first acquaintance, then our growing attachment to each other, the many little *ruses* we had adopted to meet each other, and then the never-to-be-forgotten joy of that time when he had told me he loved me. I was looking straight into the looking-glass now, and admiring my hair; it was handsome, and Jack had praised its beauty a thousand times. I was just hardly conscious of the reflection of my own face there; but I remember, clearly, that I looked very happy, and a pleased smile was hovering upon my lips; and, vain of my long, waving chestnut hair, I passed my hand through the glossy mass, and lifting it up, let it drop slowly, tress after tress, out of my hand. As I did so, I felt a gradual cold chill creep over me; an icy terror stirred at the very roots of the warm bright hair I was playing with; a breath as of ice swept across my cheek and seemed to freeze it; and staring straight into the glass before me, I saw and knew at a glance the ghastly face reflected there beside my own—staring with unseeing, glassy stare back into my wide-opened eyes—wide with horror and despair; for the face was *his*, my lover's my beloved, Jack Wilmot!

Swift as lightning I remembered his words, and muttered them:

"You shall see me on the third day from this."

And then I shrieked aloud, and felt as if my reason was deserting me, and knew no more.

When I opened my eyes again I found myself in bed, and the whole household congregated about me. They were looking at me with wonder and dismay; and as soon as I opened my eyes Kate and Rose asked a dozen questions as to the cause of my terror; but I could only wring my hands and moan out:

"He is dead! He is dead! I shall never see my darling Jack again. I have seen his spirit; he came to me for a moment, even in death; for he never broke a promise. He said I should see him to-night, and I have seen him. O my love—my love—my lost, dead love!"

"Hush, child!" exclaimed Aunt Mercy, in her calm, practical way; "don't speak; drink this, and go to sleep. As for the rest of you, I've heard of your ghost-stories in the parlor. Bridget listened, and has been almost in hysterics; and now here's another consequence of your evening's diversion. Pack off to bed, every one of you. Here, Milly!" And my aunt handed me some soothing drink, which she had been vigorously stirring during all the time she spoke. I did not resist, for I knew it would be useless; and besides I was too thoroughly prostrated with grief and terror to know what I was doing. I drank off the contents of the glass; and Kate, Rose and Will. were banished from the room. Aunt Mercy sat down beside me, and would not allow me to open my lips in conversation. I closed my eyes, and devoutly prayed for aid and enlightenment; for I believed implicitly that I had received a warning; but whether yet in time to save my dearest from death God only knew. I remained quiet so long that Aunt Mercy thought I slept, and quietly rose and left the room. I lay very still, thinking, praying, and hoping for some guiding ray of light; then, to my horror, I found that I was inexpressibly drowsy. I remembered with dismay the composing draught; no doubt it contained some narcotic. Despair seized my heart. I was rapidly becoming unconscious to everything about me; and I slept.

I could not have slept more than ten minutes—I am sure it couldn't have been longer; but in that brief time what an eternity of anguish I suffered! I dreamed, and the vision that was, in answer to my prayers, sent to me was so vivid that I shall remember it to the last hour of my existence. I saw the whole country for miles around covered with snow, as indeed it was—so thickly that every foot-mark—the very rocks were covered up and indistinguishable beneath their snowy covering. My spirit traversed those hidden rocks, and, at about a mile from my aunt's dwelling, diverged to the right and presently found a deep hollow in a deserted field—a place I knew as well as I knew my own face; and there, peering down, I saw at the foot of the hollow—a deep, dark place it was, almost a pit—the body of Jack Wilmot, half covered by the snow, and the face upturned, with the moonlight streaming on it, white and ghastly as it had appeared to me. I started up and, in an instant, I was broad-awake. Oh, how I thanked Heaven that the cry with which I had been awakened had not been heard! I listened eagerly. Everything was still within the house—still as death; but as I bent my head in listening, I heard distinctly as ever I had heard it in my life the voice of my love far, far away, and reaching me only in a ghostly whisper. But his call was, "Milly! Milly!"

"Thank God!" I murmured. "It is a sign that he lives still!"

If I had hesitated even for a moment, it was from uncertainty how to act; but now I hesitated no longer. Swift and noiseless I rose and dressed myself; I drew on my cloak and pulled the hood over my head. I carried my boots in my hand, for they were heavy and might have betrayed me. I was wide awake now—"nor poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world" could have stolen away my senses again; and I smiled in derision at the thought of Aunt Mercy's sleeping-draught. I hurried along the hall, and stopped at Will. Oliver's room. By Providentially good fortune, he had not yet gone to bed; and he answered my tap on the door almost instantly. By an imperative gesture I stopped the exclamation he would have uttered, and whispered, hurriedly, "Don't speak—don't utter a word, but come with me! Bring brandy and other restoratives with you—Jack is dying in the snow—ask me no questions—*I know it!* If you won't come with me, say so; but don't betray me and prevent my going out, for, if you do, I will kill you!"

"Hush, Milly, I'll go with you of course—I had no thought of refusing. Your aunt and the girls have gone to bed. Step lightly and wait for me at the outer door. I'll be with you in a minute."

Neither of us spoke again till we were out, and some hundreds of yards clear of the house. It had stopped snowing, and, as I had anticipated, it was a bright moonlight night. Everything was precisely as I had seen it in the dream or vision which had been sent to me, and I resolved to follow it in the minutest particular. Will. questioned me eagerly, but I would not tell him anything of my reasons for undertaking this journey.

The roads were so blocked up with snow that we were more than an hour reaching the spot where I knew I must go to the right toward the hollow. At length we reached it and diverged into the field, where the walking was still more difficult, and presently I stumbled and fell. As I caught at the snow in falling, and trying to raise myself before Will., who was a little ahead, could reach me, my hand encountered something hard. I clutched hold of it and found that it was a small, bound book. I opened it, and, by the bright moonlight, I read upon the fly-leaf: "To my dear Milly—from Jack."

I pressed the little book to my heart and lips, and cried out, almost choking:

"O Will.! he is there—there! over in the pit beside yon heap of stones. Hurry, for Heaven's sake! Do not mind me; I will come to you as quickly as I can follow."

The sight of the book, which he knew must have been dropped by Jack Wilmot, spurred Will. to renewed exertion. He rushed forward, often falling in the deep snow, and sometimes half lost in the treacherous ruts beneath it. I hastened after him as speedily as my failing strength would permit; and notwithstanding he had been so far in advance of me, both of us reached the edge of the pit at the same moment. I knew so well what I would see there that I did not dare to look down; but Will. looked at once and cried out:

"By heaven! it is Jack Wilmot!"

I looked then, and saw him as I knew I should see him, with his white and ghastly face upturned, and the pallid moonlight streaming down upon it. I had scarcely breath to speak now, and I could only gasp:

"Is he dead?"

"No," Will. answered, sharply, although I am sure he doubted himself. "Don't move, Milly"—for I was on the point of jumping down into the treacherous hollow,—"you will do harm, and no good."

And in a minute he was beside what I hardly dared hope was my living, loving Jack.

I saw him press his hand upon the heart of the motionless, inanimate body beside him. He looked hopeless as he did so, and no re-assuring signs comforted my almost dying heart. I watched him still, with eyes so straining in their eager gaze, that I could almost fancy I saw a slight motion of life about his lips. Will. drew out his flask and poured some of the brandy between his lips, and chafed his hands, and then pouring some of the liquor in his own palm, rubbed it on his forehead and temples. Again he forced some of the brandy between the poor, pale lips, and laid his hand once more upon the heart that I so prayed had not ceased to beat forever.

I think I would have died then if no reassuring gleam of hope had met my eyes; but Will.'s bright face looked up, and shot a glad, hopeful glance toward me, and then he shouted out:

"Hurra! Mill, it's all right! He is alive—his heart beats! Oh! Jack, my dear good fellow! open your eyes and speak to us."

And then I know I fell backward, and the cold snow upon my head and face and hands kept me from fainting. When I recovered a little and looked down again, Jack was sitting up, and had just taken Will.'s brandy flask into his own keeping. I began to cry, and my tears fell down upon his face, and made him look up at me.

"O Jack, Jack!" I sobbed.

"Cheer up, little woman," he said, "and don't fall down here. One misfortune of that sort is enough for a single evening."

After a little while Will. clambered up the side of the pit; and he needed my assistance to get out of it, the sides were so slippery and the snow so deep. And then, between the two of us, we pulled Jack out, and I folded him in my arms. He was still weak, for he had not only fallen, but had struck his head upon a great stone at the bottom of the pit, so that he was stunned and for some time insensible. With a heart light with joy, but heavy with thankfulness, I turned my steps homeward; walking beside my rescued lover, who now seemed doubly my own. As we went along, Jack told us how he had started, late in the day, to walk from Lebanon; how he had lost his way in the dark and the blinding storm, after the snow had effaced all the familiar landmarks by which he might have guided himself.

When he recovered consciousness after falling into the pit, he had in vain tried to get out of it; his hands and feet were benumbed with the cold, he was already half-covered with snow, his head ached and throbbed from the blow it had received, and feeling his senses leaving him again he gave up all for lost, and murmured my name twice as he relapsed into unconsciousness. I listened with awe and wonder; and I never smiled again at tales of spiritual warning. Kate and Rose have long since added my story to their long list of ghosts; and though the sceptical smile sometimes when they hear it, I know full well that had I smiled, too, instead of heeding it and being guided by it, I would now be a wretched, broken-hearted woman, instead of the happy wife of my handsome sailor lad, Jack Wilmot.

THE DISSIPATED FATHER.

FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY MISSIONARY.

BY M. MARCELLINA BEATTIE.

Hearing that a sick man and his child were in a state of destitution at No. — Baxter street, I started early one morning to visit them.

Their abode was on the top floor of the rear building—a dilapidated tenement, three stories in height, and occupied by twenty families, some of whose rooms had neither windows nor fire-places.

The halls and staircases were so dark that I was obliged to feel my way after passing the first landing.

The air of the place reeked with the fumes of cheap rum, stale tobacco, and filth of all sorts. Oaths and ribald songs assailed my ears through many half-opened doors.

Some of the stairs were broken, and from the upper flight the banisters had entirely disappeared, making an ascent in the darkness a feat not unattended with danger.

In a shaky attic, lighted by a single pane, without fire or fire-place, though in the depth of winter, lay the persons whom I sought.

The sick man's child was a little girl of four. Though pale and emaciated almost to the last degree, yet a more beautiful being I had scarcely ever seen. Her large eyes beamed with an unnatural brilliancy, and her clustering chestnut curls fell over her cheeks, flushed with the consuming hectic of decay.

A first glance at her face, as she sat propped up on the miserable couch beside her father, sufficed to tell me that she, too, was fast passing away.

It was hard to believe that the forlorn wretch beside her, with visage seamed by the scars of profligacy and disease, could be indeed her father. They lay in a corner on a rug spread over a heap of straw, with some old clothes for pillow, and a worn and filthy blanket for covering. A broken green chest, and a chair in like condition, a charcoal furnace, and some dishes on a shelf, comprised the remaining contents of the room.

The man at first appeared disturbed; he feared my errand was to remove his child. Becoming assured as to my intentions, he allowed himself to be drawn into conversation, and, at different times, confided to me the particulars of his sad history. Omitting names, the narrative was, in substance, as follows:

"I was born," he said, "in the city of B——, where my father, himself the son of a wealthy banker, was then a rising lawyer. My mother died in giving me birth, and I was left to the care of her sister, who resided with us.

"Our home was as delightful as means and care could make it.

"I began early to attend school, and in due course entered college.

"About this time my aunt died, and my father, now among the most influential citizens of B——, married a second time.

"Having graduated, I returned home, to find it no longer for me the home it had been.

"My mother's successor was but a few years older than myself—very beautiful, very haughty, and extremely jealous of my father's fondness for me.

"We soon contracted a mutual aversion, and as my father's attention was engrossed by his public duties, and I had not yet embraced my profession, most of my time was spent in the pursuit of idle pleasure with companions as careless as myself. As the son of one so wealthy and popular, my course was regarded with an unfortunate degree of indulgence, while I was left without the shield of parental counsel and restraint. Under such auspices it was that I launched forth on the career of active life.

"My father had designed me for the ministry, but I preferred to adopt his own profession; and he did not oppose my wishes.

"When I rose in court to plead my first cause, I was not a little under the influence of a potation I had taken 'just to quicken my ideas.'

"I was successful, although the opposite counsel was an elderly man of high repute.

"My client was a millionaire. An old friend of my father, he had also, it may be, discovered some tokens of ability in myself; and, from that day, my fortunes seemed secure.

"This gentleman, Mr. T—— had a daughter of sixteen, a creature formed to love and be loved, to whom I soon became strongly attached.

"Her father favoring my suit, I quickly won her consent to be my wife, and our wedding-day was fixed. But, before that day came, the doors of respectable society were closed against me, and even my own kindred had thrown me off, for I had incurred public disgrace as a drunkard and a gambler.

"Mr. T. forbade his daughter even to see me, but I prevailed on her to meet me in secret. Again and again we met; and, at length, overcome by my love, (for I loved her wildly,) she consented to flee with me.

"We were married at a village six miles from B——, and, after the lapse of a few days, returned to seek her father's forgiveness.

"But Mr. T. refused to receive us or tocommunicate with us in any way, and my own father was equally stern. Thus, almost penniless, with blighted reputation, and without a declared friend, I found myself the pledged protector of a beautiful and tenderly-nurtured creature, almost a child, who clung to me with affection the most constant and absorbing.

"The spectacle of such devotion and such helplessness could not but appeal most powerfully to my better nature. I resolved on immediate reformation and on regaining, if possible, the position I had forfeited.

"At first, the endeavor seemed almost hopeless, but gradually I succeeded in recovering the confidence of a few who had not utterly renounced me and who had closely watched my struggle. By their friendly aid I was enabled to remove to this city, where I entered on a new and wider field of professional labor. My efforts were prospered beyond my most sanguine expectations, and, with returning competence, peace and security came once more to bless my abode.

"It was in the winter of '63, just five years after our marriage, that this little girl, our only child, was born. With joyful pride we welcomed her as a pledge of renewed happiness, and many and kind were the friends who congratulated us.

"New-Year's day quickly followed, and I was induced to make a few visits. I was on my guard against the temptations which were everywhere held out, and at first steadily refused to taste wine; but, while calling on the charming Miss C., she urged me to pledge her in a single glass; and, finally, with her most winning smile, challenged me to drink 'at least the health of the little one at home.'

"Long abstinence, I allowed myself to think, would render the slight indulgence harmless. I yielded; and, in that one moment undid the work of years of industry and self-denial.

"Call after call succeeded; the insane thirst was fully aroused, and I required no further urging.

"Of how I reached home that night, and of what immediately followed, I retained no remembrance.

"From this time my wife pleaded and wept in vain. Day by day, I saw her cheek grow paler and thinner, the light fade from her eye, and the smile from her lips, yet I could not summon again a manly resolution to escape.

"One night, when I was about to leave the house as usual, she threw her arms around me, and begged me not to go, saying that she felt unwell. I shook her off rudely, with a sneer at her foolish fancies, and a muttered curse.

"Our baby-girl, who was just learning to speak, clung to my side, and, holding up her face for a kiss, lisped out:

"'Please, papa, 'tay!'

"My better angel, speaking through those innocent lips, for a moment seemed about to triumph. Just then, in fancy, I heard my associates rallying me on my weakness. I tore myself away, and hastened to my usual haunt. It was my last chance for rescue, and, in rejecting it, I had inflicted the last pang on the only heart that loved me.

"On returning home, I was abruptly told that my wife was dead. Half sobered by the shock, I rushed to her room. Strange faces were there, and the curtains of the bed were drawn, but at my approach they were thrown open.

"There lay my wife!—mine no longer—for she had passed beyond the reach of kindness or of injury. Oh, what would I not have given to catch a single look of forgiveness from those mournful eyes! She had for some time labored under symptoms of heart disease, and had sunk under a sudden seizure a short time after I left the house.

"How did the recollection of her tender pleadings, so brutally repulsed, now torture my guilty soul.

"She was laid in Greenwood, and I drank deeper than ever to drown the reproachful voice of conscience. Poverty soon came upon me, and, with my little daughter, I was forced to seek a cheaper dwelling.

"I loved the child, and, for her sake, made many a resolution of reform; but a Power mightier than human could alone battle with the demon to whom I had given up both soul and body.

"But that aid I sought not; and day by day I sank lower, dragging my innocent child with me, until I became an inmate of this wretched abode."

Such, when completed, was his story, gathered in the course of several successive visits; for his weakness was extreme, and the evidences of his remorse and shame were fearful to behold, his narrative being often interrupted by tears and groans, as well as by fits of coughing.

It was sad to watch the repentant father and his innocent child sinking hopelessly, day by day, while all we could do served only to lighten their pathway to the grave.

The father could not be removed, and it would have been cruel to separate him from the child who clung to him. They lingered painfully for some weeks, until, on making my usual visit one afternoon, I found the pair lying cold and motionless—the little one encircled by the father's arm, and his face, no longer darkened and scowling, pressed closely by its wasted cheek.

The Dread Messenger had approached them gently; his merciful summons had not divided them; and they were buried, as they had died, together.

Good Effects of Companionship.

A gentleman had for some years been possessed of two brown cranes (Ardea pavonina), one of which at length died, and the survivor became disconsolate. He was apparently following his companion, when his master introduced a large looking-glass into the aviary. The bird no sooner beheld his reflected image than he fancied she for whom he mourned had returned to him; he placed himself close to the mirror, plumed his feathers, and showed every sign of happiness. The scheme answered completely, the crane recovered his health and spirits, passed almost all his time before the looking-glass, and lived many years after, at length dying from an accidental injury.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

BY FANNY CROSBY.

I.
I am happy, said the Lily,
In my quiet, shady nook,
For I listen to the music
Of the robin and the brook;
There are few, perhaps who love me
In this lone, secluded spot,
Yet I'm happy, said the Lily,
And the Rose I envy not.

II.
I can see her leaves unfolding,
And her smile from yonder bower,
While her blushes and her beauty
Are the pride of every flower;
Yet contented here I blossom,
Though I share an humble lot,
I am happy, said the Lily,
And the Rose I envy not.

III.
We must never look with envy
On the wealthy or the gay,
Is the lesson which my story
Would to every heart convey;
There is virtue in contentment,
Though we share an humble lot,
We'll be happy, like the Lily,
And the Rose we'll envy not.

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THE UNWILLING BRIDE.

BY MRS. EMILY THORNTON.

On a cloudless midsummer afternoon, had the reader been with me, he might have seen in a beautiful tree-shaded park, in front of an elegant residence, in —— shire, England, a young lad of fifteen and a little girl of twelve summers, both possessing uncommon beauty and attractiveness The young girl especially, with her large brown eyes, sunny curls and rosy lips, would win an exclamation of surprised delight at her exquisite yet infantile loveliness. The two seemed deeply absorbed in conversation, and the impatient gestures of the boy told that he was not in the most amiable mood.

"So this new brother of yours must come, I suppose," he exclaimed, "and you will be so taken with him hereafter that Walter Meredith may as well stay home—a thing he fully intends to do. I cannot see why your father need have adopted him, unless it was to teaze me."

"Why, Walter, how strangely you talk! You know his father died last month, leaving him alone in the wide world, and my father was his most intimate friend, so he promised to adopt Constant. I think you very unkind to say you will stay home because *he* is coming." The tears gathered into the child's eyes as she turned to ascend the steps.

"Ada," said the boy, as he placed himself quickly before her, "promise one thing before you leave me, and I will play with you as often as ever. Promise that you will *never* love that boy as well as you love me. Will you say that, Ada?"

"Yes—I promise," replied the little girl, as she bounded up the marble steps, while Walter ran down the park and was soon entering another mansion near by, the abode of his father, Dr. Meredith, the well-known and loved physician of the place.

About an hour later Mr. Rowland returned from his journey to the distant home of his lost friend, and after pressing a kiss upon each cheek of his favorite Ada, and greeting his sister Emma, who, since the death of his wife in Ada's infancy, was housekeeper, and mother also to his motherless one, he led Ada to a sad-looking boy that had accompanied him, saying:

"Daughter, this is your brother Constant, and I wish you to love him very dearly. Now kiss him and bid him welcome to Thorn Hill."

The child drew back for a moment as she looked at the tall boy, who appeared to be about Walter's age; then meeting her father's eyes, fixed almost sternly upon her, she shyly kissed the blushing cheek of the handsome young stranger.

As time rolled on, and the children progressed rapidly in their friendship and happiness, Constant became the pride of Mr. Rowland's heart. Generous, firm and true in his principles, his gratitude and affection towards his adopted parent were manifested in every trivial art. There was a gentleness in his movements, an affability in his address, so different from the roughness of boys in general, that he won all hearts and well merited the love so lavishly bestowed.

But Constant Llewellyn had passed through such sorrowful scenes in his short life, that he could not be as light-hearted as Walter; the death of his parents had left a sadness and seriousness around his young heart that made him almost too sedate for the companion of the gay and laughter-loving Ada; so, while he became passionately fond of his adopted sister, she remained true to her promise, ever reserving her warmest affection for her early friend, the wild, mischievous and fun-seeking Walter.

Thus a year passed away, the two boys being now sixteen, and as Dr. Meredith and Mr. Rowland concluded, after a long consultation, quite ready to enter college; so they were duly informed that they were to go to such an institution in London, the next week; then sundry preparations began in each family, and by Saturday all was ready for their departure. The day came, and with it the farewell, and when Ada followed the carriage down the road with her eyes, and saw Walter wave his cap for the last time, then met the parting glance of Constant, she burst into tears, and felt that she should be lonely indeed, now *both* were gone.

Reader, we will allow six years to pass before we recommence our story, and in doing so must introduce our little friend, Ada Rowland, as a young lady of eighteen, yet innocent and fascinating as ever. She was sitting by the parlor window as the shades of evening were fast gathering around, but as she fixed her eyes on the trees without, it was very evident to a tall young gentleman who was reclining on a sofa near, that her thoughts were far away. They were indeed, for she dreamed of Walter Meredith, who was absent still, but who had been publicly expelled from college, after leading a sadly dissipated life in London. Ada did not believe the bad accounts that had reached her of the character of the young man; she could not believe him so destitute of principle as report whispered, for she loved that proud, passionate boy, had loved him from childhood, and had confessed the same to him a year before, although at his request their engagement remained a secret, and the tears trembled on the long silken lashes as she dreamed on of her betrothed, but they were quickly crushed by the drooping lids, lest the dark eyes she knew were fixed upon her should mark them. Those eyes did perceive them, however, for could a shadow cloud that beautiful face and the loving Constant not notice its appearance?

"You are sad to-night," said he, leaving the sofa for a seat by her side; "there are tears in your eyes now—will you not tell me what brought them there?"

"I was thinking of the sad things said of Walter, Constant—that was all," was the truthful reply.

A shadow passed over her companion's face, as he heard those words, which left it very pale, while his voice trembled as he said:

"Walter is not worthy of those tears, and I grieve to see you shed them." He paused, and a long silence ensued, broken by Mr. Rowland's entrance, who informed Constant that the carriage was waiting, as he wished his company on a drive of business import that evening, and leaving the room they were soon on their way.

"You are very quiet to-night, Con.," said Mr. Rowland, as they rode homeward. "What is the trouble?"

"Nothing in particular," returned he, somewhat surprised.

"Come, do not deny it, Constant, but I know these symptoms. You are in love, and Ada is the lady. Now be frank, my dear boy, and tell me if I guess truly?"

"You are right, my dear sir," was the low reply.

"I am glad to hear it, Con. I never was more delighted, for I have looked forward to this for years," exclaimed Mr. Rowland. "But what says Ada? Tell me all, Constant, for you have my earnest approval."

"Ada does not return my love, I fear," said the young man, sadly.

"Not return it—what do you mean? Have you asked her?"

"No, sir, I have not spoken to her upon the subject."

"Pshaw! she does love you; it is only a lover's fears. Ask her, be sure, how you stand; and let me know her reply immediately. Perhaps I can aid you; for, if you love Ada Rowland, she shall be your wife. I decided that years ago, in my own mind; for I do not wish to divide my property—so I shall have you married, and leave it to you both. Here we are home again, Con., and good success do I wish to your wooing!"

So saying, he threw the reins to a servant, leaped from the carriage, and disappeared.

"Returned, so soon?" said Ada, as Constant entered the parlor.

"Soon, Ada? we have been gone two hours—it is nine now."

"Is it possible? I had no idea it was so late."

"Does the time always seem so very short, Ada, when I am away?" asked Constant, sadly.

"Oh, no—not *always*, Con.!" replied she, as she rose to leave the room.

"Nay! do not go, Ada," exclaimed Constant, taking her hand, and drawing her gently to her seat again. "I have something to say to you."

Then, eloquently and with passionate earnestness, he breathed the story of his love—how, from boyhood, from the time she had given him the kiss of welcome to Thorn Hill, it had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, until he felt that he could remain silent no longer. As Ada listened, the bloom forsook her cheek, and the voice was sad that replied:

"Do not tell me more—it grieves me to hear this!"

"Oh, Ada, why should it grieve you?" asked he, glancing anxiously at her averted face.

There was no reply for a moment; then, this answer:

"Because I cannot love you as you should be loved, dear Constant!"

Another pause followed, and the pale face of the young man told the suffering of the moment.

"One word more, Ada,—let me know the worst,—do you love Walter?"

Paler still grew the cheek of Constant, as a faint "Yes" fell upon his ear; then, rising, he exclaimed:

"Then, may God help you, my poor Ada! for a sad life lies before you."

With these words, he disappeared.

"Ada, are you alone?" said a low voice under the window, at which she still sat, about ten minutes after Constant had left.

"Walter, dearest Walter!" was the joyful reply, as she leaned forward to speak to the person without.

In a moment more, he was standing by the window, with her hand clasped in his.

"I am alone, and so glad to see you! Come in."

"No," whispered he, "I must not be seen here to-night, and I can only stay one moment. Dearest, I have bad news to tell you—I have come to bid you a long farewell, as I leave home to-morrow, to be absent a year or, it may be, two!"

"Walter!" gasped the poor girl, "why, and where, do you go?"

"Hush, Ada! be careful! speak low, or we shall be overheard, and then I am undone. Come out on the park, dear; then I will tell you all. There," added he, as a moment after she walked by his side, "now there is no danger; but oh, Ada darling, when will we walk thus again?"

And, folding her passionately to his bosom, he pressed kiss after kiss upon her pale lips; for, with all his faults, Walter Meredith fondly loved the playmate of his boyhood.

"Do not grieve, love," whispered he, as a tear fell upon his hand, "do not weep because I love you! Oh that I could remain! but it is impossible. What think you, Ada? people say that I have committed a forgery, and officers are even now in search of me to drag me to prison!"

A low, excited laugh escaped his curling lips as he spoke, while his eyes flashed with anger and contempt.

"Oh, Walter, it is not possible! you did not do it! Say you did not do it!" entreated the shuddering girl, as she clung convulsively to him.

"Of course I would not commit such a crime! I am as innocent as a child of the whole affair," returned he, soothingly, as he pressed her to his bosom again.

But she did not see the crimson on his cheek, nor mark the falling of his eyes as he spoke.

Long did those young lovers walk up and down the park, conversing earnestly and rapidly; but it was late, and he must leave her; and many were the tears that fell, as Ada received his farewell embrace, and heard the last vow of love from the lips of Walter Meredith, as he released her, and disappeared. That night, the pillows of two young beings in that house were pressed by sleepless faces; but, while Ada's was bathed with tears, that of Constant bore a feverish cheek; while low moans of pain broke the stillness of the midnight hour. Morning came, and Ada descended, pale and wretched, to the breakfast-table; but Constant was not there.

"He was ill," Aunt Emma said, "having a severe pain in his head and a very high fever!"

"Ada," said Mr. Rowland, that afternoon, "I have heard distressing news this day. Your old playmate, Walter Meredith, has closed his reckless career by forging to a large amount. His father had refused some money that he demanded, and he thus sought to obtain it. He had two accomplices, one of whom has confessed the crime. Walter was arrested this morning, as he was stepping on board a vessel bound for America."

Ada heard no more—the room seemed sailing from her; and, in attempting to rise, she fainted. Very sad were the next six weeks at Thorn Hill! Constant Llewellyn, the warm-hearted, generous Constant, lay, to all appearance, upon a bed of death. A severe attack of typhus fever had followed the heavy cold and excitement of that evening, and he had been growing daily worse until Dr. Meredith, who, notwithstanding his own troubles, had attended him faithfully, had pronounced his case a hopeless one, and told him he must die. The room was darkened, not a sound was heard save the low breathing of the sufferer. His cheeks were ashy pale, except the two burning spots denoting the presence of the fever within; and the raven hair fell in rich masses of jet upon the snow-white pillow; while his deep black eyes were turned anxiously to the door. A moment later, Mr. Rowland entered, followed by Ada, whose pale face told that hers had been a sad heart also during those weary days.

"I could not die without seeing you again, Ada!" said the invalid, as he reached out his thin white hand to clasp her's.

"Do not speak of dying, dear Constant. You surely will not die," returned poor Ada, as she sank, weeping, to her knees, and buried her face in his pillow.

"I must speak of dying, Ada, for my days are drawing to a close. But oh! to have called you mine, if but for one hour—to have heard one word of love from those dear lips, then I would have been more reconciled!" exclaimed he, with a sudden burst of emotion as he turned away his face to hide the tears that flowed over his pale cheeks.

"Do you mean what you say, my son?" asked Mr. Rowland, bending tenderly over his favorite. "Would it be a pleasure to you now to call Ada your wife, and have her beside you to the last moment? Tell me, would it shed a single comfort upon your heart?"

"A comfort? It would be rapture—it would be a wilderness of joy; for could I not watch over her in spirit from the better land?—could I not remember that she was my wife on earth? But why speak of this? It is too late—too late!"

And a death-like pallor succeeded the momentary glow which excitement had lent to his cheek.

"It is not too late. She will be yours even now, my son. She cannot refuse your dying request. Ada, my child, speak to him and say you are willing, and the ceremony shall be immediately performed."

"I am willing," was the reply, although her face was still bowed upon the pillow.

There was no sound heard in that darkened room for the next half hour. The young girl was still kneeling in the same spot, with her hand pressed in that of the invalid, when Mr. Rowland returned. Then the marriage ceremony was heard; the vows were all pronounced distinctly; and as the words were uttered, "Constant and Ada, I pronounce you man and wife, and those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," the young husband murmured, "My wife, my wife!" and while the fond name lingered on his lips, he sank back insensible.

"You are better, Constant," said Aunt Emma tenderly, as he opened his eyes after a deep sleep, a week later, and gazed languidly around. "Dr. Meredith says the fever has taken a favorable turn, and you will soon be well."

Constant sighed deeply as he heard these words; and turning his eyes mournfully towards Ada, who sat near the bed, he murmured, sadly:

"Do not tell me so, Aunt Emma; it must not, can not be!"

"It is true, Constant. But what is the matter? are you worse, dear?" exclaimed the kind lady, startled at his look of anguish.

Constant made no reply, merely concealing his face; and as he lay perfectly quiet afterwards, she thought he must be sleeping. It was well she did not see the look of acute suffering upon his brow, or hear the wild throbbing of his aching heart.

"Ada," said he, faintly, about an hour after, "sit beside me; I wish to speak to you, dear; will you not? I long to hear you say you do not think I looked forward to the possibility of my recovery when I allowed that ceremony to unite us."

"I know you did not, Constant. We none of us thought you could recover."

"Thank you for those words, dear Ada. O you do not know my agony at the thought of living now, when that life must bind an unwilling bride to me forever. Yet I must submit, as it is the will of God that I recover, although that ceremony cannot be undone. Yet, Ada, I will make the only reparation in my power. In the eyes of the world you will be my wife, but in our own we will continue the brother and sister of days gone by, and thus strive to forget our unfortunate marriage. Love me as you did in childhood, if you can, dear Ada, after this cruel act, and I will ask no more."

He sank back as he ceased speaking, while his eyes closed, without glancing at the face of his young wife, and he little dreamt that he was dear to that throbbing heart beside him. Yes, Ada's feelings had undergone many changes since she had parted with Walter Meredith in her father's park seven weeks before. She had grieved in bidding him farewell, for she thought him innocent; but with a knowledge of his guilt came pity and disgust. All the love she had cherished for him had departed forever; and, strange as it may seem, as he faded in her estimation, the noble qualities of Constant shone brighter by the comparison; and throughout his severe and apparently hopeless illness, the fear of losing him had served to foster the new feelings of affection with which she was beginning to regard him, and after their marriage duty and increased esteem had so mingled, that with a hope of his recovery came a knowledge of her love.

Constant recovered slowly, but surely, and in a couple of weeks was able to leave his room and rejoin the family; but the dejection of his countenance told that he was unhappy; and the restraint, the wide distance that seemed to be between the young couple, revealed that the remembrance of their marriage was painful to both. The feelings of Constant were constantly on the rack, while the pale face of his sister-wife was before him as an unbreathed reproach at his thus binding her to himself while she loved another. True, that other had, by the disgrace he had brought upon himself, forever barred all thoughts of an union, even were she still free; but she loved him, and he felt that her sad look and pensive appearance whispered of her dislike to himself and to their marriage. Thus, then, he avoided her as much as possible, and, by studied politeness and guarded attentions, strove to banish from her memory all thoughts of their ill-fated union.

"Do hear this!" exclaimed Mr. Rowland, one morning in the following May, as he looked up from the paper he held; then glancing back to the column that had interested him, he read:

"The unfortunate Walter Meredith, who was tried for forgery a few months since, and was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment, has, through the untiring efforts of his afflicted family, *been pardoned* and discharged from custody, it having been ascertained, through the united confessions of two of the party tried at the same time (Smith and Acnor) that he was but slightly concerned in the affair."

Many and various were the emotions of the different hearers of that piece; but it fell upon the heart of Constant Llewellyn with a weary weight. Ada had confided to him her love for that young man, and now he was in all probability returning to his home. Yet she was bound to him by vows that could not be unspoken, and he feared *he* would be more hateful than ever in her sight. He felt that he could endure her presence no longer; he seemed faint and suffocating, and rising hastily, he rushed from the room. Upon Ada those lines had produced a strangely different effect from what, a few months since, she would have deemed possible. The knowledge of Walter's guilt when it was first pressed upon her had, as the reader already knows, changed her love to indifference, and the news of his pardon, while it gave pleasure that he had escaped a severe punishment, still pained her, for it did not declare his *entire* innocence, and still showed that his former habits and companions had been far from correct; and the sad thought came also, that his return would only serve to widen the breach already between herself and Constant.

A week passed away, yet nothing had been heard from the Meredith family, and the residents of Thorn Hill were still unaware of Walter's arrival. Constant was paler than usual and Ada more thoughtful; and yet, since the reading of that passage, no person had mentioned the subject, and Ada and Constant had not met except at their meals It was a bright moonlight evening, and Ada had thrown herself upon a rustic bench under one of the trees in the park. She was lost in thought it seemed to her husband, who, unknown to herself, was sitting by the parlor window, but a little distance from where she sat; and there, sheltered by some shrubbery from her observation, he had been for the last half hour, with his eyes fixed upon the countenance of his first and only love. The book that she held when she took that seat had long since fallen unobserved to the ground; one white hand was supporting her head, while the soft brown eyes were fastened in deep thought upon the green grass. Thus immovable had she remained for the last fifteen minutes, little dreaming that *he* of whom she was thinking was so near. But there were other eyes fixed upon her; another form standing but a few steps from her side; yet both were so occupied that neither observed the one leaning with folded arms against a tree near by until he suddenly advanced and stood before her; and then Constant sprang to his feet as he recognized Walter Meredith, but sank back, a moment after murmuring, "No! let him see her; it would be cruel to interfere!" while, unconscious of what he did, he leaned his head upon his hand, and remained a silent auditor to the conversation that ensued.

"Walter Meredith, what means this intrusion?" exclaimed Ada, pale and trembling at his sudden appearance, and rising as she spoke to leave him. "What brings you here?"

"Intrusion! do you call it an intrusion, and ask so coldly what brings me here? O Ada, I surely did not merit this from you!" returned he, placing himself before her again as she was passing on. "Nay, you shall not leave me; you shall stay and hear what I have to say." His face was deadly pale as he spoke, and his voice trembled with excitement. "Ada, I am free again. Yes, they dared to accuse me of a crime; but they were foiled, and I am free, and have come to know why you are not the same? I have hurried from the grasp of my enemies to my home, and, as I supposed, to my betrothed bride; and the first words almost that greeted me was that she had broken her faith and was wedded to another. Then, when I stand before her to hear from her own lips if this be true, she coldly, calmly asks, 'what brings me here?' I have come, since you have asked the question, to learn if this is really so, if you are indeed the wife of Constant Llewellyn? Answer me. Ada, have you dared to marry him?"

"I have!" was the firm reply that fell upon the eager ear of Constant.

"Have you, Ada Rowland," uttered he, passionately—"have you forgotten so soon your vows of love, your promises of devotion? Have you lost all your affection for me, the playmate of your childhood?"

"I have, Walter; *all* has passed away; and it was your own deed, your own conduct, that wrought the change. I gave my love to the pure and noble Walter Meredith, not to the frail and crime-stained person of to-day. From the first moment that I saw you in your true character, from that moment I ceased even to respect you. Now let me pass, for I wish to hear no more."

"And you have dared to break your word to me, and to marry that mean, contemptible puppy, Constant Llewellyn?" said he again, grasping her arm to detain her.

"Stop, sir; remember you are speaking of my husband, and that husband one every way your superior!"

She released her arm as she spoke, and moved rapidly towards the house; but she had not advanced far before, with a fearful oath, the incensed Walter sprang forward to prevent her; but with the first movement Constant had leaped to the ground, and, grasping his collar, had hurled him back with so rapid a motion that he stumbled and fell. No sooner had he touched the ground, however, than he sprang to his feet again; and placing his hand in his bosom, he drew forth a pistol and in an instant had fired, but not before Ada, with the first flash, had screamed and fainted.

The hand of the exasperated Walter trembled with passion as he pulled the trigger, or Constant had fallen a victim to his rage. As it was, the aim was unsteady, and the ball whistled past his ear without harming; and the next moment, as the family rushed from the house to the spot, drawn by the scream and the report, Walter Meredith had dashed down the park and disappeared; and in leaving him now in his guilty flight, we will only add that he was never again seen in that neighborhood, as he left his native land immediately for some foreign part, there to bury his shame and disgrace in obscurity and disguise.

When Ada recovered from the insensibility her fright had produced, she found herself supported by Mr. Rowland, as she supposed, while Aunt Emma was leaning tenderly over her bathing her temples.

"Oh, Aunt Emma, where is Constant? Tell me, was he killed?" exclaimed she, wildly, when able to speak.

"No, dear Ada, I was not injured in the least," replied Constant, whom she now perceived was supporting her.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed she, laying her head upon his shoulder, while tear after tear rolled over her pale cheeks.

"Do I hear you aright, dearest Ada?" murmured he, while his cheek crimsoned with emotion; "do you indeed value my life, and may I, can I, believe that this agitation is because you love me?"

"You may! you can! I do love you devotedly now, Constant," was the whispered reply that came amid a fresh burst of tears.

"My wife! my own darling wife!" exclaimed the young husband, pressing her fondly to his bosom, while Mr. Rowland came forward with a happy smile, and, placing a hand on each head, said solemnly:

"God bless you, my dear children; and those whom he hath thus joined together again may no man put asunder."

◆

—Enthusiasm is always connected with the senses, whatever be the object that excites it. The true strength of virtue is *serenity of mind*, combined with a deliberate and steadfast determination to execute her laws. That is the healthful condition of the moral life.

◆

—Imperfect enjoyment is attended with regret; a surfeit of pleasure with disgust. There is a certain nick of time, a certain medium to be observed, with which few people are acquainted.

◆

—The great blessings of mankind are within us, and within our reach, but we shut our eyes, and like people in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing we search for, without finding it.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A French Abbe travelling in a stage was asked by a young clerk, a would-be wit and atheist, if he knew what difference there was between a priest and an ass, and upon being answered in the negative, said that the priest carried the cross on his breast and the ass on his back. After the laughter had subsided, the Abbe asked if the clerk knew the difference between a clerk and an ass. "No," was the reply. "Nor I," rejoined the Abbe.

"Sam," said a terrible infant at breakfast table, a few mornings since, to a love-lorn swain, "can fishes run?" "No," was the answer, "fishes do not run; they swim by using their fins and tails." "Well, then, what did Cousin Sophie mean when she said you looked in the morning like the last run of shad!" Sam didn't reply, because "his feelings were too deep for utterance."

The oldest inhabitant of Harlem died the other day at the great age of one hundred and ten years. His memory was so remarkable that it is said to have extended back to the remote period when the erection of the Harlem iron bridge was first begun. His death cuts off all hope of there being any one present at the opening of the bridge to the public who saw its commencement.

The Difference.—"You and I are much alike," said the beggar to the banker. "How so?" "We both contrive to live on the labor of others." "But I carry on a lawful business for a living," said the banker. "So do I," said the beggar, "but there is this difference: I get the property of others with their consent—you get their property without their consent."

A Boston boy, five years of age, having stolen a can of milk, his mother took him to task with moral suasion, and wound up her discourse by exclaiming, "What in the world was you going to do with the milk anyhow?" "I was going to steal a little dog to drink it!" was the crushing reply.

A poor Irishman passing through a village near Chester, saw a crowd of people approaching, which made him inquire what was the matter. He was answered, "A man is *going* to be buried." "Oh," replied he, "I'll stop to see that, for *we carry them* in our country."

Practice against Preaching.—The Second Adventists in a town in New England are constantly preaching that the world is to be destroyed before the autumnal equinox, (September 21,) and yet are building a meeting-house substantial enough to last a century.

Mental Arithmetic.—Sister—"Look here, Charlie, suppose you had twenty sugar plums, and you wanted to divide them in four parts; you'd give five to baby and five to Carrie; now what would you do with the other ten?" Sweet child—"Suck 'em."

Strict Principles.—A man who had married a Jewess shortly afterwards joined the temperance society, and never dared to kiss his wife from that day, because he considered himself prohibited by the pledge, from meddling with *Jew-lips*.

A painter in New Orleans has reached an extraordinary degree of accomplishment in his trade. It is said that he painted a pine shingle so exactly imitating marble, that when he threw it into the river it instantly sunk to the bottom.

An illiterate fellow who had been looking at the prints of birds' feet in some stones in the collection of a geologist, at last said that they "proved the great age of the *trac*-t societies, anyhow, if they didn't do anything else."

"You have played the *deuce* with my *heart*," said a gentleman to a lady who was his partner in a game of whist. "Well," replied the lady, with an arch smile, "it was because you played the *knave*."

A movement has been set on foot to erect an asylum for useless young men. The only trouble which the "committee" fear will be insurmountable is that of getting the building large enough.

The man who sang, "I'm lonely since my mother died," isn't quite so lonely now. The old man married again, and his stepmother makes it lively enough for him.

What is the difference between the mother of many children and a barber? The barber shaves with the razors, and the mother raises the shavers.

The only pain that human beings make light of, is the window pane.

How much does a fool way? A simpleton.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

Many years ago a lady, who was engaged to a conductor on a line of railroad which runs into Boston, died, and, as it is said, subsequently informed him by spiritual communication that as long as he kept a flower in his mouth she would be hovering near him. And so, for twenty years, according to a Boston journal, he has kept a blooming flower between his lips, summer and winter, and his story, whispered by one passenger to another, has made him an object of general interest, especially to the ladies, who cannot help admiring such constancy towards one to whom while on earth he had plighted his troth.

An Indiana Divorce at the Tombs.—A man who was arraigned the other day for abandonment of his wife and children plead in defence that he had obtained a divorce in Indiana, and exhibited the decree of the Indiana court to that effect. But the Justice would not accept the plea, as the wife said she didn't know anything about the divorce, and had never been served with any notice of the proceeding. So the husband had to give bonds to pay $15 a week for one year towards the support of his wife and two children.

A couple of idle boys amused themselves on Sunday of last week by teasing a muzzled bull-dog, in Third avenue, near Fiftieth street, until at last the dog rushed upon one of them so violently as to hurl him to the pavement; and his head striking on a stone, he lay insensible till he was carried off by his parents, who lived in the neighborhood, and by them restored to consciousness.

A widow, fifty years of age, residing in Melrose, Mass., being in exceedingly destitute circumstances, took her daughter (who was twelve years old and of weak intellect) to a pond in the neighborhood, pulled off her shoes and stockings, gave them to the child, with orders to carry them back to the village, and then deliberately walked into the water and drowned herself.

A young man twenty-two years old, who was employed in a saw-mill at Kenosha, Wis., getting one foot caught in the floor and the other in the "feed belt," was nearly torn in twain before he could be rescued. His left leg was broken twice and so mangled as to defy surgical skill; and after lingering in terrible agony for three hours he died.

A jealous German, living in Buffalo, lately chopped his wife to pieces with an adze, and then left the house. A little daughter of seven years, who saw the horrible act, ran out and alarmed the neighbors. Search was made for the murderer, and his body was at last found in the canal, where he had drowned himself.

A French Item.—A widow in Paris, aged 45, married a young man aged 18. By her first husband she had a son whose age at the time of her second marriage was 21. She recently died, and by her will left her fortune to her son and husband. As her husband was not of age her son was appointed his guardian.

A little boy nine years of age, of an exceedingly nervous temperament, (whose parents live in New Jersey,) died from fear, a few evenings since, induced by his father taking him up stairs to punish him for some offence which he had committed. The child went into convulsions, and died in a few minutes.

Warning to boys.—A boy, about thirteen years old, while bathing in the Sound, off New Rochelle, swam out into deep water, and was there taken with the cramp and drowned before assistance could reach him. Boys should keep in shore when bathing, no matter how well they can swim.

A good beginning.—A couple of corner-loafers were recently sent to the penitentiary for four months, by Justice Dowling, for insulting citizens as they passed. This excellent example should be generally imitated by all of our police justices.

A deaf and dumb girl, about seventeen years old, was found wandering about the city, the other evening, and taken to police headquarters; but as no one could communicate with her, her name or home could not be ascertained.

An engineer on the Harlem railroad protruded his head as the train was passing a bridge near Scarsdale, and, it coming in contact with a timber, his skull was fractured, causing instant death.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1867.

No TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

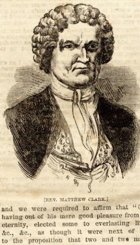
RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. II.

OUR FOLKS AT LONDONDERRY.

The current notion that the Puritans were a sour, morose, ascetic people—objecting, as Macaulay says, to bear-baiting, not that it gave pain to the bear, but that it gave pleasure to the spectator—is not justified by my recollections, nor by the traditions handed down through my mother. The pioneers of Londonderry were so thoroughly Puritan that, while their original framed and well-built meeting-house was finished and occupied in the third year of the settlement, when there were none other but log huts in the township, nearly a century elapsed before any other than a Presbyterian or orthodox Congregational sermon was preached therein, and nobody that was anybody adhered to any rival church, down to a period within the memory of persons still living. "The Westminster *Shorter* Catechism"—a rather tough digest of Calvinistic theology, which aroused my infantile wonder as to what a dreadful bore its *longer* counterpart must be—was regularly administered to us youngsters once a week as a portion of our common-school regimen within my experience; and we were required to affirm that "God having out of his mere good pleasure from all eternity, elected some to everlasting life," &c., &c., as though it were next of kin to the proposition that two and two make four. If there was anywhere a community strictly, thoroughly Puritan, such was Londonderry down to at least 1800, as she mainly is to-day. And yet there was more humor, more play, more fun, more merriment, in that Puritan community than can be found anywhere in this anxious, plodding age. All were measurably poor, yet seldom were any hungry; all wore coarse clothes, made in utter contempt of the fashions which, in the course of three or four years, had made their way from Paris to Boston; yet lads and lasses were comely in each other's eyes, though clad in coarse homespun, as if they had been arrayed in purple and fine linen, and redolent of lavender and patchouli: and they danced with each other through long winter nights with a vigor and zest rarely enjoyed at Almack's or in Fifth Avenue mansions. Their weddings were far more numerously attended and more expensive than are the average in our day; for not to be invited was an affront, as it implied discredit or insignificance; and all who were invited expected to eat and drink bountifully of the best that could be had. A general discharge of musketry throughout the neighborhood ushered in a wedding-day; and the bridegroom's party, starting from his house, was met by the bride's at a point half way to her's, when one of each party was chosen to "run for the bottle" to the bride's house; and whichever won the race returned with the prize to the waiting assembly; which, having drank all around, proceeded under a dropping fire of musketry, to their destination; where—the ceremony having been duly performed—drinking was resumed and continued, with alternate feasting and dancing, often till broad daylight.



[REV. MATTHEW CLARK.]

Nor was this the worst. Our ancestors had somehow caught from their Celtic neighbors, in the old country, despite their general antipathy, the infection of "wakes;" and the house in which lay a corpse awaiting burial was often filled through the night with sympathizing friends who, after due religious observances, proceeded to drown their sorrow in the strong drink supplied in abundance, whereby strange transformations were sometimes wrought from plaintive grief to exuberant and even boisterous hilarity. Funerals were attended by nearly every one who seasonably heard of them, and all would have felt insulted if not asked to drink at least twice; while those who walked to the grave were entitled by usage to a third glass, and at least a lunch, on their return. As none were yet rich, while many were quite poor on their arrival, many families were absolutely impoverished by the expense imposed on them by the funeral of a deceased member; while, if a wedding and a funeral had occurred within a few months in a household, it could barely have escaped ruin. Happily, living in frugal plenty almost wholly on their own products, spending much of their time in vigorous exercise in the open air, and having but one doctor within call, they had great tenacity of life; so that funerals were few and far between.

The pioneers of Londonderry brought with them the Potato, which, despite its American origin, was hardly known in New England till they introduced it from Ireland, where it had already taken root and flourished. Some of them having spent their first winter in America in a neighboring settlement of Massachusetts, planted there a few of the valued tubers, which were duly tended by those to whom they were left; but, the plants being matured, they gathered the seed-balls from the stalks and tried to cook them into edibility; but by no boiling, baking, or roasting, could they render them palatable; and they gave it up that those Scotch-Irish had unaccountable tastes.

Next Spring, however, when the garden was duly plowed, the large, fair "murphies" were rolled out in generous abundance, and, being dubiously tasted, were pronounced quite endurable. Like too many ignorant people, these novices in potato-eating had begun at the wrong end. They could never have made *this* mistake in Londonderry; yet it is related that the first pound of tea ever seen there was received as a present from a Boston friend, and, being duly boiled as a vegetable, and served up as "greens," was unanimously pronounced detestable, and pitched out of doors.

Flaxseed was brought from Ireland by the pioneers, and the growth of flax and production of linen early became important elements of the industry and trade of Londonderry, though every operation, from the sowing of the seed to the bleaching of the cloth, was effected by the simplest manual labor; and I can personally testify that "breaking flax" in the bad, old way, is the most execrably hard work to which a young boy can be set. A skillful, resolute man could hardly make laborer's wages at it now if the raw material were given him. When the matrons of the town had a neighborhood gathering—tea, like coffee, being then happily unknown—each took her "little wheel" under her arm to the house whither she had been invited, and the flow of conversation and gossip ran on for hours to a constant "whirr, whirr," of swiftly flying wheels. Whitney's Cotton Gin and Arkwright's Spinning Jenny have long since dismissed those wheels to the moles and bats; but, so late as 1819, my mother spun and wove a goodly roll of linen from the flax grown on our farm, bleaching it to adequate whiteness by spreading it on the aftermath of a meadow, and watering it thrice per day from a sprinkling-pot.

Poor folks have their vanities as well as the richer. Most of the pioneers had been small farmers or artificers "at home;" and the rude log huts, which were at first inevitable, seemed to many good wives to involve a sacrifice, not only of comfort, but of social standing. Hence it is related of the Morrisons, who were among the first settlers, that the good dame remonstrated against the contemplated homestead until assured that there was no help for it, when she acquiescingly entreated: "A-weel, a-weel, dear John, if it maun [must] be a log house, *make it a log heegher nor the lave*"—(a log higher than the rest.)

The settlers knew that their homespun garments (often of tow) contrasted strongly with the trim, dapper apparel of the polished denizens of more refined communities; but they were not thereby disconcerted. Though Burns had not yet strung his immortal lyre, his spirit so flooded their log cabins that he would have been welcomed and understood in any of them, but would have excited surprise in none. Thus it is related of the Rev. Matthew Clark, already mentioned, that, among the audience in attendance on his ministrations was once a young British military officer, whose scarlet uniform far outshone any rival habiliments, and so fixed the gaze of the young damsels present that the wearer, enjoying the impression he was making, not only stood through the prayer with the rest, but remained standing after all others had sat down, until the pastor had proceeded for some time with his sermon. At length, noticing a divided attention and its cause, the minister paused, laid aside his sermon, and, addressing his new hearer, said: "Ye 're a braw (brave) lad; ye ha'e a braw suit of claithes, and we ha'e a' seen them; ye may sit doun." The lieutenant dropped as if shot, and the sermon was resumed and concluded as though it had not been interrupted.

Rev. E. L. Parker's *History of Londonderry*, to which I am indebted for many facts, gives the following specimen of Mr. Clark's pulpit efforts. His theme was Peter's assurance that, though all others should forsake his Divine Master, *he* never would; and this was a part of his commentary:

> "Just like Peter—aye mair forrit [forward] than wise; ganging swaggering aboot wi' a sword at his side; an' a puir han' he mad' o' it when he cam' to the trial; for he only cut off a chiel's lug [ear]; *an' he ought to ha' split doun his head.*"

This was a gleam of the spirit evoked in the Siege of Derry.

I fear I have nowise portrayed the perfect mingling of humor and piety in the prevalent type of our Scotch-Irish pioneers—all of them baptized in infancy, and growing up devoted members of the church—all hearing the Bible read, a hymn sung and a prayer offered, each morning at the family fireside, and these exercises repeated at night, so uniformly that one of the early pastors, having learned that a parishioner had retired without invoking the throne of grace, forthwith repaired to his dwelling, called up the delinquent and his family, made them kneel and renew their devotions, and did not leave till they were finished; and yet there was never a people who loved play better or gave it more attention than these. House-raisings, corn-huskings, and all manner of excuses for festive merry-making, were frequent and generally enjoyed; games requiring strength, rather than skill, especially wrestling, (with, I grieve to say, some boxing,) were favorite pastimes; and it is recorded of the pioneers of Peterborough, N. H.—one of the several swarms sent out by the parent hive in Londonderry—that, having cut each his hole in the great woods and reared his log-cabin, a meeting was called to form a church, and generally attended. The object having been duly set forth, some one started the cavil: "I fear we are such a rough set—so given to frolic and drink—that we are not good enough to constitute a church;" but he was instantly silenced by another, who, like a true Calvinist, observed: "Mr. Moderator, if it be the Lord's will that He should have a church in Peterborough, I am sure He will be willing to have it made up of such materials as there are." So it was.

UNSOUGHT HAPPINESS.

Old stagers know that the way to be happy is to give up all attempts to be so. In other words, the cream of enjoyment in this life is always impromptu. The *chance* walk; the unexpected visit; the unpremeditated journey; the unsought conversation, or acquaintance.

Every body feels more or less conscious in their "Sunday clothes." Who does not know the blessing of comfortable every-day apparel, every fold of which has made intimate acquaintance with the motions and postures of the owner; and which can be worn without fear of being spoiled, or rendering the wearer conspicuous. The bonnet which sets lightly on the head and defies rain; the boots which do not constantly remind the foot that a chair would be the greatest of all earthly blessings; in short, that freedom which will let you forget *you* yourself, is like laying down a huge bundle which has fettered you weary miles on a dusty, sunny road, and sitting down unincumbered in a shady spot to dream and rest in delicious care-free coolness. It is just so with the mind. The best things written, or spoken, have *not* been written or spoken "to order." They "*whistled themselves*," as the terror-stricken urchin remarked to his irate school-ma'am. They came unbidden, in easy, flowing raiment; not starched and stately, rustling prim and conscious. They came without thought of "what people would say." They stepped out because the time had come when they *couldn't stay in*. In a word, they were *natural* as little children are, and consequently delicious and fresh.

The party, the dinner, must be, because so many wires have to be pulled and kept in motion under cover of sociability and hospitality. The politician understands this, and the mammas who have daughters to dispose of. How patiently they go through with the bore of it to attain their several ends! But for comfort or pleasure, heaven knows, nobody would undertake either "party" or "dinner," as custom at the present day requires their elaboration of getting up. Give me the hour just before retiring, when in flowing robe and hair, at an open window, with the moon for a lamp, one can sit and laugh and discuss matters grave and gay, with no inquisitorial tribunal to sit in judgment on language or opinion. Or the breakfast hour, where—the coffee swallowed, with which we can defy fate, Presidents, or politics—the morning paper comes in to set all our tongues wagging on our favorite hobbies, and we rattle on with a devil-may-care looseness, stunning to conservatism, but funny to listen to, and perfectly unattainable in the presence of a "got up" breakfast.

I solemnly aver, that the moment any body *tries* to do or say a good thing, that moment he shall never be delivered of it, but shall only experience throes of mortal pain trying. If you build yourself a beautiful house, and make it a marvel of taste and convenience, in one of its lovely chambers shall your dead be laid; and you shall wander heart-sick away from it, to rid yourself of a phantom that will always follow you, till you turn boldly and face it, and with a strong heart accept its company.

This incessant *striving* to be happy! Never—never shall mortals be so, till they have learned to give it over. Happiness *comes*. It will not be challenged. It glides in only when you have closed the door, and turned your back upon it, and forgot it. It lays a soft hand on your face, when you thought to be alone, and brings a joyful flush of surprise to your cheek, and a soft light to your weary eye, and ineffable peace to your soul.

FANNY FERN.

MAXIMILIAN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Not with a craven spirit he
Submitted to the harsh decree
That bade him die before his time,
Cut off in manhood's golden prime;
Poor Maximilian!

And some who marked his noble mien,
His dauntless heart, his soul serene,
Have deemed they saw a martyr die,
And chorused forth, in solemn cry,
"Great Maximilian!"

Alas! Ambition was his sin;
He staked his life a throne to win;
Counted amiss the fearful cost,
(As chiefs have done before)—and lost!
Rash Maximilian!

'Tis not the victim's tragic fate,
Nor calm endurance, makes him great
Mere lust of empire and renown
Can never claim the martyr's crown;
Brave Maximilian!

Not Mexican misrule bespoke
(E'en at the worst) an Austrian yoke,
What good could come of Hapsburg's race;
But thou wouldst fill an Emperor's place!
Duke Maximilian.

And so it fell, that, in thy aim
To win a sovereign's power and fame,
Thy better nature lost its force,
And royal crimes disgraced thy course,
King Maximilian!

Alas! what ground for mercy's plea
In his behalf, whose fell decree
Gave soldiers unto felons' graves,
And freemen to the doom of slaves,
Fierce Maximilian?

I loathe the rude, barbaric wrath
That slew thee in thy vent'rous path;
But "they who take," thus saith the Lord,
"Shall also perish by the sword,"
Bold Maximilian!

But, when I think upon the scene,—
Thy fearful fate, thy wretched queen,—
And mark how bravely thou didst die,
I breathe again the pitying sigh,
"Poor Maximilian!"

THE FIRST PRINCE MENCHIKOF.

BY JAMES PARTON.

The most careless reader of newspapers must be aware that one of the chief families of Russia is that which bears the name of Menchikof. More than one prince of this name has been prime minister, and several members of the family have been distinguished in the military service. The wealth of the Menchikofs is prodigious, and there is probably no noble family in the Russian empire which ranks higher. The reader, therefore, may be interested in a brief account of the first man of this name who emerged from obscurity.

Alexander Menchikof, born at Moscow in 1670, experienced, during a life time of sixty-nine years, almost every variety of fortune. His father was a pastry cook. While Alexander was still a boy, he caught the notice of that famous General Lafort who, for so many years, was the instructor and favorite of Peter the Great. He was a boy of an exceedingly striking and intelligent-looking countenance—an active, sprightly fellow, prompt to run upon errands, and skilful in executing them. General Lafort took him, at length, into his service as a valet, and he was thus brought near the person of the young Czar. Peter the Great was always much attracted by a handsome exterior, and that of the youthful Alexander was pleasing in the extreme. The Czar took him away from General Lafort, and gave him in his own household an appointment which was something between a valet and an aid-de-camp, and also caused him to enter that celebrated company of young soldiers which was formed and drilled by Lafort, and in which the Czar himself once served as a private. The duties of his post obliged the youth to be with his master day and night, and to accompany him on all his journeys and excursions. Never was there a more alert, assiduous, or obsequious aid.

His name first appears in history on that memorable and bloody day when Peter attacked and dispersed the ancient militia of the empire, called the Strelitz. As sergeant of one of the regular regiments, he was charged to go over the ground strewn with his wounded countrymen, and put an end to their misery by blowing out their brains—a species of surgery often practiced in barbarous times and countries. So completely did he win the confidence of the Czar that, upon the death of Lafort, he took the place of that great man in the councils of Peter, and was recognized as the first favorite.

During the long and desperate warfare which ensued between the Czar and Charles XII. of Sweden, Menchikof distinguished himself above all the other generals in the Russian service, and it was after one of his brilliant victories that he received the title of Prince from the emperor of Austria, which his own sovereign permitted him to accept, and which his descendants enjoy to the present moment. During this war, he was so lucky as to find a wife for his master—that remarkable Catherine whose strange career has already been related in these columns. The reader may remember that the lovely Catherine was one of the spoils which the conqueror appropriated after the capture of a Swedish town. Peter saw her in Menchikof's house, fell in love with and married her, but not before the prince had secured a lasting claim to her favor.

On that decisive day when the Czar finally overthrew and cut to pieces the last army of Charles XII., and drove the Swedish monarch, wounded and powerless, into Turkey, it was Menchikof who executed the manœuvre which gave the victory to the Russian arms. Peter's army was half beaten, and the enemy were preparing for the final onset, when Menchikof led his troops between two divisions of the Swedes, which were about to unite, prevented their junction, totally destroyed one of them, and left the other an easy prey to the Czar.

"If Menchikoff," says Voltaire, in his life of Charles XII., "planned this manœuvre himself, to him Russia owed her salvation; if the Czar ordered it, he was a worthy adversary of Charles XII."

At the close of the battle, Peter rewarded this eminent service by presenting to the prince the baton of a field-marshal. His military career continued to be brilliant and effective until a bullet through the brain of the King of Sweden gave peace to northern Europe.

When Peter was building St. Petersburg, he appointed Prince Menchikof governor-general of the new capital, and during his frequent long absences in the other countries of Europe, Menchikof ruled the empire with almost absolute sway. As a civil ruler he incurred as much infamy as during his military life he had acquired glory. The Czar was spending millions in rearing a city out of the sea, and Menchikof availed himself of his opportunity to gain for himself a colossal fortune. The Czar was compelled at length to notice such gigantic corruption, and caused him to be brought to trial. A fallen favorite has few friends; and his judges, who had long been his rivals, condemned him to death. Peter, however, was content with his humiliation, spared his life, and required only the restitution of part of his ill-gotten gains. The Czar continued to employ him in public service, and testified a particular affection for him to the end of his reign.

Peter was one of those strong men who can govern an empire but cannot govern themselves. Menchikof perceived that the outrageous licentiousness of the Czar and his excessive drinking would shorten his life, and he held himself ready to so direct affairs at the Czar's death that the supreme authority would fall into his own hands. The Czar died, after having directed that his wife, Ctherine, should succeed him. As soon as the breath was out of the body of the emperor, Menchikof conveyed the imperial treasure to a fortress commanded by one of his own adherents. Then conducting Catherine to the senate of the empire, he stood by while she pronounced the following speech:

"Suppressing my grief, I come here to dissipate the uneasiness which must prevail in your minds. I declare to you that, agreeably to the intentions of my husband, I am ready to consecrate my life to the painful administration of the government until it shall please God to reunite me to himself in the life eternal. I trust I shall have the consolation in my unhappy widowhood to prepare for you a sovereign worthy of the name and of the blood of him whom you have just lost."

Prince Menchikof then advanced and addressed the empress thus:

"The circumstances in which we find ourselves are so grave that they demand of us a mature consideration; and we ask permission to deliberate upon them freely, that we may not incur the censure of the nation and of posterity."

The empress resumed, in an humble tone, as follows:

"Since I place the good of the state before my own advantage, I do not dread your just judgment. I not only authorize you to decide this affair, but I enjoin it upon you to weigh it deliberately, and I engage beforehand not to act until you have decided."

After this well-acted scene, the empress withdrew. After a slight show of discussion, interrupted by the shouts of the populace without, Menchikof suddenly cried:

"Long live our august empress, Catherine!"

And immediately went to the next apartment, and said to the empress, in the name of the senate:

"We recognize your majesty as our gracious sovereign, and we consecrate to you our fortunes and our lives."

Then conducting her to a balcony, he presented her to the army and the people, while he threw handfuls of money among them to stimulate their enthusiasm, already inflamed by a copious distribution of brandy. By such means it was that the daughter of a Polish serf was raised to the throne of an empire, to the temporary exclusion of the legitimate heir.

Menchikof now governed Russia. His fortune, which, before these events, was so large that fifty thousand serfs lived upon his estates, he doubled by his enormous and unprecedented peculations. Upon the death of Catherine, he possessed himself wholly of the young Czar, Peter the Second, and carried his audacity so far as to induce the pliant youth to betroth himself to his daughter, and to promise the hand of his sister to his son.

But the vaulting ambition of this insatiate minister overleaped itself. His exactions, his tyranny, and his cruelty, could no longer be borne. The ancient nobility of Russia succeeded at last in convincing the young Czar of the infamy of his servant, and in rousing him to resent it. Four months after the death of Catherine, the nobles persuaded the emperor to put his signature to the following ukase:

> "It is our will that the Prince Menchikof be conducted to Ranemburg, and that he remain there in perpetuity, and without leaving the city. A battalion of guards will accompany him, the officer of which will never leave his person; and we deprive him of all his titles and orders, leaving him only the enjoyment of his property."

Regarding this as only a temporary loss of favor, Menchikof left Petersburg with a pompous and brilliant retinue of equipages and servants, but before he had gone far on his way, his servants were dismissed, his money taken from him, and his carriages were changed for country wagons; and when he had reached Ranemburg, he was informed that his property was confiscated, and that he was banished to Siberia.

His family at this time consisted of his wife, two daughters, and one son, all of whom accompanied him to the desolate place of his abode. At least, they all started with him; but his wife died upon the way. In his downfall, it is said, he displayed remarkable firmness and equanimity, and never murmured against his destiny. That favorite daughter, who had been affianced to the czar, died a few months after her arrival in Siberia, and, in the second year of his exile, he also died, and was buried by his daughter's side in a church which he had himself caused to be built.

In the year following, when the empress Anne came to the throne, she recalled the children of Menchikof from exile, and restored to them part of their father's estate. His second daughter married a nobleman, and his son Alexander rose in the army to the rank of general-in chief, and died in 1764.

The Prince Menchikof (also named Alexander) who played so conspicuous a part during the Crimean war, and who is still one of the most important of Russian statesmen, is the great grandson of the first prince. He is now seventy-eight years of age, and has been in public life since 1805.

—One victory over one's self is worth ten thousand over others.

SHALL I GO TO COLLEGE?--SUPPLEMENTARY ADVICE.

BY E. O. HAVEN, PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

Since the publication of my article in the *Ledger* of July 11th, entitled, "Shall I go to College? And if so, Why?" almost every day has brought me letters, or at least one, from young men in different parts of this country or Canada, inquiring how they, without a good supply of money, can accomplish their purpose to obtain a thorough education. They dream about it, but cannot bring it about. Will it trouble the other readers too much if I answer them all, and all of this class, in a very few lines?

Money is a good thing; well-trained mental power is a good thing. Some prefer one, some the other, and some both. Many know they have little money, suspect they have too little education, and would be glad to obtain enough of either to command the other. The world seems sadly out of joint to them. Many a simpleton is born with a silver or golden spoon in his mouth, or near it, and finds himself as soon as he becomes conscious of existence wrapped in costly trappings, furnished with ready-made toys, wheeled over the turnpike or pavement in a splendid carriage, crammed with more food than he can digest, and sent to the best of schools till he loathes the sight of a teacher. Others are fed with iron spoons, or pewter, clad in coarse garments, travel afoot, and find themselves unable for a long time to avail themselves even of our excellent public schools.

Would it be well to change this state of things, by violence, if we could? No. It is not outward circumstances that make a man, but the soul within him. Some of the highly favored ones resist temptation, cultivate their minds, restrain their passions, and develop into manhood. Many others, and particularly in this country of *parvenues*, and where so few of the wealthy have a family reputation and pride to maintain, and so many are destitute of strong religious principle, blossom and wither before the pith of childhood has had time to harden into solid wood. They smoke cigars, color meerschaums, concoct and dispose of mysterious drinks, shuffle cards, play billiards, and when beaten pay the charges, row boats—though that and base-ball are a little too much like hard work—wait upon the ladies, live out half their days (and half their nights), spend the old man's money,—and each counts one in the census table! That is about all the service they render to their country.

In all our cities (down to some out West which have the enormous population of a thousand, more or less,) there is a class that go through all these motions. But these are *not* the men for whose benefit this article is written.

But the young men of nerve and ambition, who find themselves hampered by want, who look upon the treasures of thought and discipline as inclosed behind iron gates, to be opened only by a golden key, which they would not steal if they could, and are ashamed to beg,—these are the men who inquire, How shall we obtain an education?

To such I would say, Are you sure that you desire it? Is the passion which you feel something more than a transient impulse, which will evaporate in a few weeks? There are many other pathways open to you besides this narrow gateway—why look so wistfully at this? To win the race, you must not make a false start.

If you are confident that you have a "passional attraction" towards a higher education, whether you have any ultimate purpose well-formed or not, enter the lists, and "go in to win." Earn in some way enough to support you in school or college one year, and try it. At the end of that time, some new path-way of success may open—will open; and what you will have gained will not be lost. Judging from many instances, I affirm you will not regret it. If you find yourself to have missed some good opportunity to enter into business or make a handsome speculation, new opportunities will arise. The world will not be finished up in the course of the next year. This will still be a new country, and mind and muscle will command a high price, at least as long as you have any to spare.

The men who ought not to go to college are those who have to be driven or coaxed. Supply and demand ought to regulate the matter. Free colleges do but little more good than free ginger-bread shops or free soup. Education is worth all it costs to those who earn it.

The good days will yet come when the great mass of laboring men will have time enough every day, besides their manual labor, to investigate science, beginning naturally with those departments connected with their employment; and, even now, those students who spend from a third to a half of their time, in sections, in other labor—such as teaching, or any other pursuit, advance as rapidly as the most of others who study continuously, or waste their vacations in lounging about.

To all those who inquire, "What shall I do?" my answer is the same. Begin where you are. Command one year's study as soon as you can. Test the value of it by experiment. Maintain strict integrity. Abjure useless indulgences. Work; and, even if you accomplish but little and slowly, it will be all clear gain.

[From the Independent.]

MR. BEECHER has stopped preaching for the summer, and gone to Peekskill, to sit under his old apple-tree, and finish "Norwood." * * * * * The true way to enjoy "Norwood" is to read it aloud in the home-circle; or, what is still better, to listen while some other person reads it. No sentence should be skipped—no thought overlooked. Thus studied, the story is likely to be read several times over by all thoughtful people who enjoy reading it once. Never in his life has Mr. Beecher written anything so carefully and lovingly as these tranquil chapters, which, like still waters, run deep. The thoughts, the experiences, the gathered knowledge of a lifetime are outpoured into this noble narrative. * * * * * The truth is, that Mr. Beecher conceived, and is successfully accomplishing, the happy design of crowding into a single volume—neither theological nor philosophical, neither didactic nor pretentious—the ripened thoughts of a thirty years' ministry; thoughts on subjects social, esthetic, moral and religious. In fact, it is not the *Independent*, nor the *Examiner*, nor the *Methodist*, nor the Boston *Traveller*, but the New York *Ledger*, that is now printing Mr. Beecher's sermons. Our energetic, Old School Presbyterian neighbor, Mr. Robert Bonner, has latterly become a kind of lay-bishop, who has been laying his hands of ordination on college presidents and eminent clergymen for the purpose of inducting them into a ministry to the multitude. * * * * * "Norwood" is a granary of golden sentences, a fountain of moral inspiration, a manual of invaluable hints for human conduct; a work which could have been written by no other American writer, for the reason that we have no other man among us of equal knowledge of the human mind and heart.

—The mania for extortion and embezzlement has at last invaded institutions of public charity, in a manner peculiar to the present age. In a neighboring State, it seems, by the developments of a public official investigation, an alms-house keeper has been "turning an honest penny" by making dishonorable merchandise of some of the unfortunates committed to his care, and by starving women and children that he might put the value of their rations into his pockets. Is there to be no limit to human greed and rascality?

[From the Wellsburg Herald.]

HORACE GREELEY has been engaged by Robert Bonner, of the New York *Ledger*, to write a history of his life for that paper. The series of twelve articles, written expressly for Mr. Bonner's paper, by the Presidents of the twelve principal Colleges of the United States, contained more good advice to young men than anything we ever read. We hope every young man who reads Horace's Autobiography will profit by it.

BEAUTY IN AGE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

In deepest age, O, let our will
Keep up the love of beauty still:
Let weakness only round the frame,
  That soon must coldly moulder, cling,
While yet the strong, pure spirit spreads
  Abroad his ardent wing.

Let music yet that spirit thrill,
And all his aspirations fill;
Let painting yet her colors trace,
  And symbols sparkle for the mind,
Symbols that show what is for it
  In the eternal shrined.

Let Nature yet be grand and dead,
Despite each dark blood-chilling year;
Yet let us list the torrent's trump,
  Yet see a glory breathe the world,
With its delicious harmonies
  And forest-flags unfurled.

Yes, we will smile at coming Death,
He only slays the lower breath;
The higher shall remain to us,
  And deepest age but make us more
Prepared to drink the beauty flushed
  On that *Eternal* Shore.

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

THE GRAND SATISFACTION.

Naught's had, all's spent
When our desires are gained without content.
SHAKESPEARE.

The grand satisfaction was received; but it did not prove so highly satisfactory after all. Grand satisfactions seldom do.

Prince Ernest raised his fallen foe in his arms, supported him upon his bosom and gazed on his upturned, pallid face in pity and distress.

"Quick! you come hither, monsieur! Quick! you come hither, Doctor Dietz!" he called hastily to his own surgeon, who with the two seconds and the valet were hurrying to the spot.

"Good Heaven! he is killed!" cried Francis Tredegar, throwing himself down in a kneeling posture beside his friend and relieving Prince Ernest of the weight of the body.

Doctor Dietz dropped on his knee on the other side and began hastily to unloosen the clothes and examine the condition of the wounded man.

Major Zollenhoffar bent sadly over the group.

Sims, the valet, stood gaping and staring in speechless consternation.

The impulsive Austrian skipped around the circle, acting in his distress more like an excitable dancing master than an accomplished Prince.

Each face was as pale as the bloodless face below them; for these were not the times of war, and men were not inured to the sight of sudden and violent death.

At length the surgeon looked up from his examination.

"Is he quite dead? Is there not the slightest hope?" anxiously inquired Francis Tredegar.

"He is not dead," said Dr. Dietz. Then turning to Major Zollenhoffar, he requested—"Monsieur, oblige me; send some one to the carriage for my case of instruments."

"I will go myself," answered the major, hurrying off.

"Monsieur, you do the favor; send your servant for the water," said Doctor Dietz, turning again to Francis.

"Hasten, Sims! There is a hut around the projection of that rock. Go there and procure some vessel and fill it at the nearest spring and hurry back with it as fast as possible," ordered Francis, speaking eagerly, while he still supported the almost lifeless form of his friend.

Sims ran off at the height of his speed to get the water. And all this while Prince Ernest skipped about giving vent to his lamentations, and declaiming in his excitement, without his usually careful regard to the construction of the English language.

"My Heaven! I shall wish to kill him not! I know not what he quarrel with me because! what he insult me! what he defy me! what he shoot me because—I know not—I—! A fair woman shall give me her bouquet to hold, to keep, to cherish! Why not? I am the slave of the fair woman! I take her bouquet! It is sweet, it is fresh, it is precious like herself! I press it to my lips! I put it to my heart! Why not? What wrong I do that he shall charge me? shall accuse me? shall shoot me!" he exclaimed, jumping about, gesticulating, and making such havoc of English auxiliary verbs as even the best-read foreigners may sometimes do when speaking rapidly and excitedly.

"Lay your friend down flat upon his back—I wish to probe his wound," said Doctor Dietz to Francis Tredegar, as he saw Major Zollenhoffar running towards them, with his case of instruments.

Francis Tredegar slowly eased the body down upon the level ground, and then gently drew his hand from under the head.

As he did so, he uttered a cry of horror.

"What is it?" demanded the doctor.

Francis held up the palm of his hand, which was crimson with clotted blood.

"Where did that come from?" asked the doctor.

"From the back of his head. Oh, he is quite dead, or must be soon! He is shot through the brain!" exclaimed Francis, in great distress.

"Impossible!" cried the doctor.

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Prince Ernest, vehemently. "I shall not shoot him through the brain! I shall not aim at his head at all! I shall aim at his right arm! I shall not wish to kill him, only to punish him! I shall aim at his right arm, but I shall shoot him through the right side! It shall be a chance, an accident, a misfortune! I meant it not—not I!"

While the Austrian was skipping and exclaiming, the surgeon was examining the back of Alexander's head. The hair was matted with blood from a deep wound there.

"You see it is as I say—the ball has passed quite through his head, and come out here," said Francis Tredegar.

"Impossible! The ball entered the right side of the chest, passed through the right lobe of the lungs, and is lodged here below the right shoulder-blade. See for yourself!" said the surgeon, laying back Alexander's shirt-bosom, so as to show the small, dark, inverted hole at which the bullet had entered.

"But this wound in the back of his head——?"

"Was made by his falling and striking some hard, sharp substance—a fragment of rock, probably."

While the surgeon spoke he was not idle. He took his case of instruments from one assistant and the water from the other.

He carefully cut away the blood-clotted hair, and washed and plastered the wound in the head; and then he cut out the bullet, which lay little more than skin-deep under the shoulder blade. He dressed the wounds as well as circumstances would permit, and then he said:

"We had better take your friend back to his apartments at the hotel. I will continue to give him my best care there."

Francis Tredegar assented.

Sims was once more dispatched to the hut to borrow its only door, and when he returned he not only brought the door, but was followed by the kind-hearted master of the hut, bringing a load of blankets. With these materials a rude litter was constructed, and upon it Alexander's form was laid. And thus he was borne upon the shoulders of Sims the valet, Knox the hutter, and two laboring men who came and offered their services.

Prince Ernest returned to the hotel in his carriage. Major Zollenhoffar and Francis Tredegar walked behind the bearers of the wounded man.

Alexander's cab went back empty.

"I say," said the hotel servants to the cabman as soon as they saw him, "you took a party of gents out to the mountains to look for minerals, didn't you?"

"Yes," growled the Jehu.

"Well, and they found 'em—at least one of 'em did,—a beautiful round specimen of lead mineral; and he liked it so well he put it into his bosom. But I'm told it didn't agree with him!"

Alexander was carefully carried to his chamber and laid upon his bed.

Around him stood Dr. Deitz, Mr. Tredegar, John Sims, and one or two of the servants of the hotel.

In this more favorable position, his wounds were more carefully examined and skilfully dressed. Both wounds were found to be very serious. He was relieved of his blood-stained garments and put into a clean suit of under clothes, and again laid back upon his pillow.

During this process he had given but few signs of consciousness—only groaning slightly when being moved, as if motion distressed his lacerated chest.

And then the room was darkened.

"Now let him rest quietly," said Doctor Deitz.

"But will you not give him something?" inquired Francis Tredegar.

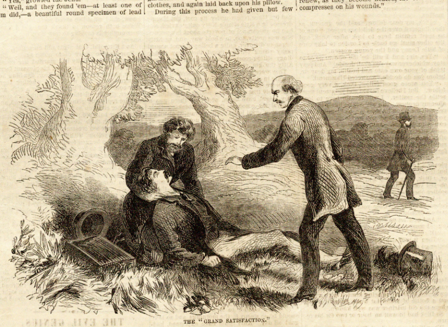
"No."

"No opiate?"

"Certainly not."

"No anodyne?"

"Nothing. Let him rest for the present, only renew, as they become heated, the cold water compresses on his wounds."



THE "GRAND SATISFACTION."

Francis Tredegar constituted himself head nurse, and seated himself beside his patient.

Major Zollenhoffar entered the room.

"Prince Ernest leaves by the ten o'clock boat for Southampton; but wishes to know the state of the gentleman before he goes," whispered the Major to Mr. Tredegar.

"I was about to go and report to the prince," said Dr. Deitz.

"His Highness requests that you will not leave your charge, so long as he may require your assistance. His Highness will dispense with your services about his own person for the present. But he requests that you will keep him informed of the progress of your patient," said Major Zollenhoffar.

The surgeon bowed low in acquiescence with the prince's behests.

"I hope this arrangement may meet your approbation, sir," said the Major, courteously turning towards Mr. Tredegar.

"It excites my gratitude, sir," replied Francis Tredegar. "It excites my warmest gratitude. We could not probably find such surgical skill for ourselves."

With another bow and an earnestly expressed hope that the wounded man might yet do well, the Major took leave, and returned to his master, leaving the patient in charge of Doctor Deitz, Francis Tredegar and Sims.

Within an hour Prince Ernest and all his suite, except his surgeon, embarked for England.

And *we* must return to General Lyon and Dick Hammond.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE PURSUIT.

The distant danger greater still appears:
Less fears he, who is near the thing he fears.

With many imprecations on the rashness and folly of young men in general and of his own nephew in particular, the veteran, accompanied by Dick, took his seat in the three o'clock train for Southampton.

He did not consider it necessary to take a whole first class carriage for himself and his companion, so the presence of several other travellers in the same compartment with him, restrained his growling.

And soon after the train started, the motion of the carriages rocked him to sleep, and he slept soundly until they reached their journey's end.

Dick, who had alternately read the morning's papers, and dozed through the journey, woke his uncle up as the train entered the Southampton station, where the duellists had passed about ten hours before.

It was nearly seven o'clock.

"Here we are!" said Dick, gathering up his light luggage, while his uncle slowly rubbed his eyes and looked about him.

"Eh! well! yes! I suppose we had better call a cab and drive to a hotel and engage rooms first of all," said the general, still rubbing his eyes, and being only half awake.

"I suppose we had better call a cab and drive immediately down to the docks and see if we can hire a yacht or steamboat to take us to Guernsey," suggested Dick.

"Oh! aye! yes! certainly! to be sure! I had forgotten," exclaimed the general.

The guard unlocked the door to let them out.

As they appeared upon the platform, the two detectives who had come down with them joined company.

"Call a cab, Willet, if you please. We will go at once to the docks and try to engage a vessel of some kind to take us to Guernsey."

"Yes, sir; but if you please, I think we had better call first at Police head-quarters to make inquiries. They may have some later and better intelligence," suggested the detective.

"Exactly! yes! to be sure! You are quite right. We will go there first," agreed the general.

The detective beckoned the cab and gave the order, and they all got into it and drove to police head-quarters.

Willet, who had ridden beside the cabman, got down and went in to seek farther information.

He was gone but a few moments, and then he returned and opened the door of the cab and spoke to the general.

"It is very lucky we called here first, sir; else we might have been fatally misled."

"Why? what's the matter?" inquired the general.

"There was a mistake in the telegram, sir. It was not to Guernsey they went, but to Jersey."

"Tut, tut, that was a very unlucky mistake, and might have proved to be a fatal one, as you said. Are you certain *now* of your information?"

"Quite certain, sir. The duellists took the St. Aubin's steamer and sailed for that port at eleven this morning. As soon as the office here discovered their mistake, they telegraphed the correction to London. But of course we had left before that second telegram arrived."

"Have you any farther information?" inquired Dick.

"None whatever."

"Then we must drive to the docks immediately," ordered the general.

The detective mounted the box beside the cabman and transmitted the order.

And they were driven rapidly down to the docks.

They alighted and went about making diligent inquiries for a vessel.

Fortune favored them, or rather Money did. Money is a great magician. No wonder it is sometimes fatally mistaken for a god and more fatally worshipped as one.

In answer to their inquiries, they were told of a swift-sailing, schooner-rigged yacht, owned by a company that were in the habit of letting it out to parties of pleasure for excursions to the channel isles or along the coast. And they were directed to the spot where the "Flying Foam" lay idly at anchor, and were told that the master of the crew was also the agent of the company.

Encouraged by this information, our party engaged a row-boat, and went out into the harbor, and boarded the "Flying Foam."

The master happened to be on deck. He came forward to meet the boarding-party.

"Is this yacht disengaged?" inquired the general.

"Yes, sir."

"Can we engage it for immediate service?"

"For immediate service—that is very sudden, sir?" remarked the master, looking suspiciously at the speaker.

"I know it is, but so is our business sudden, being a matter of life and death. We cannot wait for the sailing of the steamer. But we are willing to pay extra price for extra haste," replied the general.

And there was that about his stately form and fine face, and martial manner which rebuked the suspicion, while the words, and particularly the promise of extra pay appealed to the interest of the agent.

"You want the yacht immediately, you say, sir?" he inquired.

"Immediately, or as soon as the tide will serve."

"The tide will serve in half an hour, sir."

"Can she be got ready?"

"For what port, sir?"

"St. Aubin's."

The master rubbed his forehead and looked down at his shoes, as if in deep cogitation.

"My friend, while you are deliberating, time is flying," said the general impatiently.

"She can be got ready fast enough, sir. It isn't that. Why, sir, you are strangers to us, and we don't know anything of what you are in such a hurry for."

"We go to arrest a party, and prevent a duel, if you must know!" exclaimed the general, impatiently disregarding the signals of the detective, who would have cautioned him.

"Oh! beg pardon, sir; but this is going to cost a pretty penny—and——"

"And you don't feel safe as to the payment, eh? If that is all, you may weigh anchor and hoist sail at once, for I have not come unprovided," said General Lyon, taking out his pocket-book and displaying a large roll of hundred pound Bank of England notes.

"You do not suspect them to be counterfeits, I hope?" laughed the general.

"Oh, no! beg pardon, sir. It is all right now. I am only an agent, sir, and held responsible by my employers."

"To be sure. And now I hope you can set your crew to work."

"Are you going just as you are, sir? Would you like to go on shore first?"

"We have no time to lose in going on shore. We shall go to St. Aubin's just as we are. I suppose there are shops in that town where one may procure the necessaries of life?"

"Oh, certainly, sir."

And the captain of the yacht went aft and called all hands on deck, and gave his orders, and, by dint of loud hallooing and hard swearing, got them so promptly executed that when the tide turned the yacht sailed.

They had a very fine run under the starlit sky over the calm sea; but for the painful errand they would have been a party of pleasure. Even as it was, they enjoyed the trip. There was nothing on General Lyon's conscience, or on Dick's mind, to deaden either of them to the heavenly beauty of the night. They had slept on the train, and so now they were wide awake on the yacht.

They walked up and down the deck talking sociably with each other, admiring the elegant form and the swift sailing of the yacht, delighting in the fresh breezes of the ocean, and almost worshiping the glory of the star-spangled heavens.

They walked up and down fore and aft, while the yacht sped over the waters, until they became hungry, and then they remembered for the first time that they had had neither dinner nor tea, nor had brought any provisions for a meal on board.

"It is usual for parties who hire a yacht to find their own grub, I believe, and we never thought of doing it," said Dick.

"We had no time for doing it," said the general.

"Well, I fancy the master does not keep a black fast. He must have a secret store somewhere, so I will just step and see."

And Dick went in search of the master, who undertook to be their host for the voyage.

In twenty minutes after, the voyagers were called to supper in the captain's cabin—and to such a supper for hungry men! There were pickled salmon, cold ham, cold chicken, an excellent salad, light bread, Stilton cheese, pastry, fruits native and tropical, and such fine wines as can only be procured—or could *then* only be procured, duty free, at the Channel Isles.

They made an excellent meal, and then returned to the deck and sat down to enjoy the lovely night and the pure sea-breezes, until twelve midnight, when, feeling a little tired, they went down into the cabin and turned in.

Rocked by the motion of the vessel they fell asleep, and slept soundly until the "Flying Foam" entered the harbor of St. Aubin's.

Then they were awakened by the captain's steward, who came down to tell them the yacht was in port. The sun was just rising.

The pretty little maritime town lay gleaming in the earliest beams of the morning. Behind it arose the dark background of Noirmont Heights. On the right and left rolled a richly-wooded landscape of hill and dell.

Even the gravity of the errand upon which they had come could not quite make our friends insensible to the novelty and beauty of the scene.

"Will you choose to have breakfast before you go on shore?" inquired the master, coming to the side of the two gentlemen, as they stood on deck looking out upon the harbor, with its little shipping, and the town, with its quaint Anglo-French streets and houses, while they waited for the boat to be got ready.

"Breakfast? No, thank you, not even if it was on the table; for there, I think our boat is ready now," answered the general.

And he went to the side of the yacht, and followed by Dick and the two detectives, descended into the boat.

They were rapidly rowed to the shore.

There were no cabs in sight.

"What is to be done now?" inquired the general.

"There is nothing for it, but to walk up into the town, and over it, if necessary," answered Dick.

"Luckily for us all, that may be done without much bodily fatigue. It is not a very large place," remarked the general.

"If you please, gentlemen, I think we had better look for our men at the hotels. It is still so early that they can scarcely have started on their duelling adventure," suggested one of the detectives.

"Lead the way, then. You know the town, I think you told me," said the general.

"Oh, yes, sir," answered the detective, bending his steps towards the principal hotel.

While they were yet at some distance from the house, they saw a carriage drive off from before it. Slight as the circumstance was in itself, when considered in relation to the hour and other circumstances, it seemed very significant. So they hurried on.

Before they reached the house, however, they saw another carriage draw up before the entrance, and a party come out and enter it; and then they saw the carriage drive off, but not in the same direction taken by the first one.

"There are our duellists!" exclaimed the detective in triumph. "one party is in the first carriage, and the other in the second."

"But they took opposite directions," gasped the general, out of breath with his rapid walk.

"That was to mislead people. They have taken opposite, but each will make a half circle and meet on the appointed ground unless we stop them," said Willet, striding onwards at a rate that made it difficult for his companions to keep up with him.

"I do not see how we are to stop it now," groaned the general.

"We must take a cab from the hotel, and make what inquiries as to the route taken by the others that we have time for."

While talking, they had hurried on with all their might, and now they were at the hotel.

"Is Prince Ernest of Hohenlinden stopping here?" inquired the general, stepping at once up to the office.

"There is a foreigner of rank who arrived here late last night by the Southampton steamer."

"Where is he now?"

"Gone out for a morning ride by the sea, I think."

"Ah! you have other travellers here who arrived by the Southampton boat?"

"Yes; an American gentleman, I think, a scientific man who has gone out with his servant to hunt for minerals in the Noirmont Heights."

"Ah! a scientific man in search of minerals!" grunted the general.

"By the way, there were two of them, they——"

"Oh, two of them, were they! Master and pupil, very likely; or principal and second."

"They took with them a servant carrying a box of tools."

"Ah! hum! yes! a box of tools! Bless my life, I wonder when that cab will be ready! Ah, here he comes," impatiently exclaimed General Lyon, as Willet, who had gone after the cab, entered and reported it was ready.

The whole party entered the cab except one of the detectives, who, as usual, rode on the box beside the driver. This officer gave, as a general direction, the nearest route to Noirmont Heights. And the cabman took it.

As they left the town the detective farther ordered:

"When we reach the foot of the heights, inquire for a cab that passed some twenty minutes before us; and then follow the road taken by that cab until you come up with it."

The cabman touched his hat in acquiescence as they went on.

Just at that instant the report of firearms startled their ears, reverberating through the heights and echoed and re-echoed back from rock to rock.

"My ——! we are too late!" exclaimed the general, in despair.

"Indeed I fear we are too late to prevent the duel, but we may be in time to succor the wounded," added Dick.

"Can you see the smoke from that discharge of pistols?" inquired the detective on the box of the cabman beside him.

"No, sir, and if I could it would be hard to tell it now from the smoke of the hutters' chimneys, or even from the mist of the morning."

"Drive then in the direction from which the report came."

"But, sir, it echoes so through the crags, it's a'most impossible to tell which way it did come from. All we can know now is, as how it came from among the rocks."

Willet knew that the cabman was right, since he was sure that he himself could get no correct clue to the route from either the sound or the smoke of the firing.

"Look out for the cab then and do the best you can. We wish to come up with that firing party."

"All right, sir," said the cabman.

But in fact it seemed all wrong. They kept a bright look-out for the cab, hoping, though it was now probably empty, to be directed by its driver to the duelling ground. But many roads traversed these mountain solitudes, and their number and intricacies were confusing. Our party drove on some distance farther, but saw no cab and heard no more firing.

Then they turned back and struck into a cross-road and pursued it for some distance with no better success. Again they turned upon their course, came back upon the main road and took the opposite branch of the cross-road and followed it some distance, but it vain. Finally in despair they turned their horses' heads towards the town, the general saying:

"It is all over by this time; and dead or alive, they have left the ground, and we shall have a better chance of hearing of them at the hotel than elsewhere."

As they drove rapidly towards the town they came upon a group of laborers eagerly talking together by the roadside.

"What is the matter? What has happened? Where was that firing?" inquired General Lyon, putting his head out of the window, as the cab drew up.

"Why, your honor, there have been a row on the heights back there among some gents, and one on um have been shot and carried to the hotel down yonder in the town; and t'other one is took and locked up," answered one of the laborers, with the usual mixture of truth and falsehood.

"Which was shot?" inquired the detective.

"Why, that I can't say; but any ways it was *one* on um as was shot and brought home on a door, and t'other one was took and locked up.

"Was the man who was shot killed?" anxiously inquired General Lyon.

"Well, your honor, 'when the brains is out the man is dead,'" replied the peasant, unconsciously quoting Shakespeare.

General Lyon sank back in his chair with a deep groan. One of the duellists was killed. Whether it was Prince Ernest or Alexander Lyon, whether his nephew was the murderer or the murdered man, the event was fatal.

"Drive as rapidly as possible back to the hotel," said the detective on the box to the driver by his side.

And they were whirled swiftly as horses could go, to the St. Aubin's Hotel.

There all was bustle. A duel was not such a common event as to be passed over lightly.

General Lyon sprang out of his cab with almost the agility of youth, and hurried into the office to make inquiries of the clerk.

"What man was that who was shot?" he shortly asked.

"The American, sir; but it is hoped he will do well yet."

"He is not dead?"

"No, sir, surely not."

"Thank Heaven for that? And the other one?"

"The prince? He was not hurt sir."

"Thank Heaven for that also!"

"They were the parties you were looking for this morning, were they not?"

"Certainly. I had ascertained their object in coming here, and hoped to be in time to stop them. Where have they put my nephew?"

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"The wounded man; where have they put him?"

"In his own room, sir."

"Send a waiter to show me to his bed side. I am his uncle."

"Indeed, sir? Certainly, sir. Come here, John. Show this gensleman to Number 10."

A waiter stepped forward at the order, bowed and led the way, followed by the general, up one flight of stairs, along a corridor, and to a chamber door.

"This is Number 10, sir," John said, opening the door.

The veteran entered the room, and found himself face to face with Francis Tredegar, who had risen to see who the intruder might be.

"General Lyon!"

"Mr. Tredegar!"

Such were the simultaneous exclamations of the friends on so unexpectedly meeting.

"You here!"

"I came with Lord Killcrichtoun."

"How is he?"

"The surgeon reports favorably of his wounds, but he must be kept very quiet. Will you pass with me into the sitting-room?—Sims, do not leave your master's side until I return.—This way, general," said Francis Tredegar, rising and opening a door leading into their private parlor.

There the friends sat down together,—the general heated and anxious, Francis Tredegar surprised and curious.

"I followed as quickly as I could after hearing of my nephew's mad purpose. I hired a yatcht and pursued him, hoping to be in time to save him. I wish now that I had hired a special train from London. It would have given me three hours advance, and I should then have been in time," groaned the general, wiping his face.

"Take comfort, sir. It *might* have had a fatal termination. As it is, we have reason to thank Heaven for an unmerited mercy. Prince Ernest has escaped unhurt, and has returned to England. Lord Killcrichtoun is wounded, but not fatally. 'All's well that ends well.'"

"'That ends well!' Yes, but who can say that this will end well? Oh, Heaven, how much trouble that young man has caused me and all who are dear to me! But he is my only brother's only son! my *dead* brother's only child! and in spite of all I have said and sworn I must try to save him."

"Is he so near of kin to you, sir? I had not suspected it."

"No; his new ridiculous title, together with the estrangement that has been between us, would naturally mislead any one who had not known us previously as to the facts of our kinship. You came with him on this Quixotic adventure?"

"Yes, sir," replied Francis Tredegar, blushing and beginning to defend himself before the Christian soldier. "Yes, sir; after having tried in vain to dissuade my friend from the duel, I resolved to see him through it."

"I am not intending to blame you, my young friend. To me, certainly, you meant no wrong; and to my unhappy nephew only kindness. For the rest, it is a matter between yourself and your own conscience. As for me, in the way of a soldier's duty, I have been in some battles; but I would not, nor do I remember any period of my youth in which I would have engaged, either as principal or second, in any duel for any cause whatever," said the brave old veteran.

"Oh, sir—but that is a rebuke; and coming from you, a very severe one," said the young culprit, sorrowfully.

"It is not intended as such, Francis. Men, I know, have different ideas upon these subjects. For instance, I do not believe it lawful in a man, for the gratification of his selfish passions or the 'satisfaction' of his imaginary 'honor,' to risk his life or seek the life of another. I believe it to be a high offence against the author of all life. Nor could I engage in any adventure upon which I could not invoke the blessing of Heaven."

"Which we could not do on our adventure, certainly. But I do most humbly and thankfully acknowledge Heaven's undeserved great mercy on its issue."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Francis. And now will you kindly touch the bell—it is at your elbow, I see—and tell the waiter when he comes to show Mr. Hammond up into this room."

"Dick is with you?" inquired Francis, as he complied with the general's request.

"Certainly. Did I not tell you so? But I left him to settle with the cabman while I ran in to make inquiries of the clerk."

As the general spoke the waiter entered the room.

"Go down and find out Mr. Hammond and show him up into this room," said Mr. Tredegar.

The waiter bowed and disappeared; but soon came back and ushered in Dick.

There was a start of surprise from Dick at seeing Mr. Tredegar, and then a grave handshaking between them.

"Well, my boy, I suppose you have heard matters are not so bad as we feared?" said the general, turning to Dick.

"Yes, sir; thank Heaven. Can I see Alexander?"

"Why, I have not seen him myself yet, except at a distance and covered up in swaddling bands. Tredegar here turned me out of the room before I could get near the bedside."

"Invited you out; brought you in here, general," said Francis, deprecatingly.

"It amounts to the same thing, my dear fellow," said the general, good-humoredly. "Tredegar was Alexander's second in this mad affair," he added, turning to Dick.

"So I supposed on seeing him here," answered Mr. Hammond.

"Gentlemen," said Francis Tredegar, "if you will excuse me for a moment, I will go in and see my patient, and then come back and let you know whether you also can see him with safety."

"Go, Francis," said the general, waving his hand.

Tredegar went out, and after a few moments returned and said:

"He seems to be sleeping soundly, or else to be sunk into a deep stupor; indeed, I am not physician enough to say which. But in either case, I think, if you come in quietly, you can do him no harm."

Then they all went into the wounded man's chamber and stood at his bed-side, and looked at him.

There he lay, less like a sick or wounded patient than the laid-out corpse of a dead man. His hair was cut short and his head bandaged with wet linen cloths. His face was deadly pallid, with a greenish white hue; his eyes were closed and sunken; his lips compressed; and his features still and stiff. His chest was also bandaged with wet linen cloths, and his shoulders and chest wrapped in a sheet instead of a shirt, for the convenience of frequently changing the dressings of his wound. His form was still and stiff as his features.

On seeing this ghastly sight, Dick uttered an irrepressible exclamation of horror. Even the veteran-soldier groaned.

"It is not half as bad as it looks," said Francis, encouragingly. "There is nothing in the world makes a man look so death-like as these white swaddling-clothes, that put us in mind of winding-sheets. The surgeon says he will do well."

"Ah? who is attending him?" inquired the general.

"Prince Ernest left his own physician here to look after him. He is Doctor Dietz, a graduate of one of the medical colleges of Vienna—which, I am told, are now really the best, and are destined soon to be acknowledged as the best medical schools in the world.

"And this eminent surgeon says that the wounded man will do well?"

"These were his very words."

"That is satisfactory."

"And now, general, that you have seen your nephew, I think we had better all adjourn to the parlor. Our patient wants all the air in this room for himself," advised Mr. Tredegar.

When they went back to the parlor, Dick turned to Francis Tredegar, and said:

"You will let us have the use of this room for an hour or two, until we settle what we are to do next."

"Why, certainly. The room is your own. At least it is Alick's, which is *now* exactly the same thing, since he is lying helpless and you are his next of kin. Shall I retire? Do you wish to be alone?"

"By no means. I only want to order breakfast up here. We have been up, walking or driving over the country in pursuit of the duelists, since six o'clock this morning, and it is now eleven, and we have had nothing to eat and are famished."

"Oh, by the way, I ought to have thought of that! allow me!" exclaimed Francis Tredegar, starting up and ringing the bell.

"Breakfast for three, immediately. Serve it in this room, and bring the best you have that is ready," he ordered, as soon as the waiter showed himself.

The cloth was soon laid and the table spread. And our friends sat down to an excellent meal of rich coffee and fragrant tea; milk, cream and butter of such excellence as can be found nowhere else in the world; fish just out of the sea, beefsteak, chickens, French rolls and English muffins.

"Dick, my dear fellow," said the general, as they lingered over the delicious repast, "one of us must remain here to look after Alick, and the other must go back to London to take care of little Lenny and the young women."

"Yes, sir; and I will be the one to go or to stay, whichever way you shall decide. And pray think of your own ease and health, my dear sir, before you do decide," answered Hammond.

"You are a good fellow, Dick, a very good fellow. But I believe reason and judgment must settle the matter. I will remain here to look after my nephew. He will not be likely to quarrel with me when he sees me, as he might with you if he should find you by his side when he comes to himself. And, besides, I think this quiet, pretty sea-side town will agree with me after the hurly-burly of London. And lastly and mostly—it is *you* who ought to go back to town for your wife's sake."

"All right, my dear sir; it shall be as you please. I confess I like this arrangement best; but if you had said, 'Dick, go and I will stay,' or, 'Dick, stay and I will go,' I should have obeyed you without a moment's hesitation, as a soldier obeys his commanding officer."

"I know you would, my boy, therefore it behooves me to consider your interests before I make a decision."

"And now let us see about the time of starting. I must return in the yacht, of course."

"Of course."

"Then it will depend upon the tide. I had better go down and see the master."

"Yes, I think you had."

Dick Hammond took his hat and went down to the yacht.

Captain Wallace was not on board when Mr. Hammond reached the deck. The captain was taking a holiday by walking through the town, and probably solacing himself with a pipe and a bottle of brandy at some favorite resort where the old mariner was well known.

So Dick had to wait an hour or two for his return.

When Wallace came back Dick soon discovered that he was well posted up in regard to the event, which was then the one topic of conversation at every coffee room in the town.

"And so you were too late to stop the duel, sir?" were almost the first words the master of the yacht spoke to Dick.

"Yes; but the affair did not terminate so fatally as might have been apprehended."

"No, so I hear—so I hear! And the wounded gentleman was your kinsman, sir?"

"Yes."

"Shall you take him over to England?"

"Oh no. He cannot be moved at present. My uncle will remain here to look after him; but I return at once, or as soon as the tide will serve."

"That will be about nine o'clock."

"Can you be ready to make sail by that time?"

"Yes, sir; the yacht is yours for the time it is hired."

"Then we will sail at nine. I will be here punctually at that hour."

"All right, sir."

Dick Hammond returned to the hotel, where he arrived about one o'clock. He spent the day and dined with his uncle and his friend.

At half-past eight o'clock he paid his last visit to the bedside of his cousin, in whom, as yet, there appeared but little change.

And then he took leave of all and went down to the yacht; and at a few minutes after nine the "Flying Foam" made sail for England.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

KITTY'S DISOBEDIENCE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Tea was cleared away. Everything in the little room, though it was not a handsome one, shone again with the polish of what Mrs. Hough called "elbow grease." You could see your face in the table, which was solid mahogany, "none of this veneered stuff," Mrs. Hough boasted, and there was neither cobweb nor shred of linen nor speck of dust anywhere; and since the polishing process had been last gone through with Kitty Hough had slipped out upon the sidewalk and stood there talking to a neighbor in an undertone.

"It's no use, ma wouldn't let me, and if she would, there's pa," said Kitty, in a melancholy way. "He never lets me go out after dark, unless he is with me. You see we're from the country, and he thinks New York a dreadful kind of place. There, now, that means prayers; we have them at nine, and then we go to-bed." And Kitty sighed, as though having prayers and going to bed were the most dreadful things that could ever happen to a girl.

"Don't you never go nowhere?" asked the other girl, whose ideas of grammar appeared to be unsettled.

"Oh, yes," said Kitty; "day times, or with pa or ma, or when Cousin Dick comes to town. But it's alone after dark pa objects to my leaving home."

"Lor," said her companion, "why dark won't eat you, Kitty. Old folks is so queer sometimes, I often think them that has parents has it worst. They don't make no allowances."

"Oh, pa and ma are very kind," said Kitty. "Only they *have* countryfied ideas, I suppose. Coming, pa——"

"Just stop one minute," said the other girl; "after prayers you will, eh—you'll come out?"

"I daren't do it," said Kitty.

"You needn't tell. Slip down after they're in bed," said the other girl. "Why it can't hurt you to run around the block for the air—we always do it. It's so warm to-night, too."

And Kitty nodded and ran away. The prayers were over and the house fastened up for the night. Then, in her own room, Kitty thought upon the subject.

What harm *could* there be in a little walk even after dark? It was dull and stupid, and though not what Kitty had been taught to consider "genteel," this neighbor's girl was very merry and sociable. Soon she resolved to gratify her longing for the outer air and companionship, and actually went down stairs, unlocked the door and ran over to the doorsteps where the girls she had taken a fancy to were sitting.

There was no actual harm in the act, and but for her remorse, for disobedience was new to Kitty, she would have passed a pleasant evening. The damsels with whom she chatted knew a great deal more of "life" than innocent Kitty. Their chat interested her mightily, and she wondered what they must think of her who knew so little. When she crept in at the house door and up to her little bed, her strongest feeling was that of indignation. Why should she be so restrained and wretched, when other girls had their liberty—put to bed like a child at sixteen, and obliged to answer as to her incomings and outgoings in such strict fashion?

The more she thought of it the more she rebelled, so that in the end it became the regular thing for Kitty to slip out of her father's home secretly, after her kind parents were asleep, and spend the evening and half the night at the residence of her new-found friend, Maggie Hunt.

Maggie worked in some large manufactory, and was it seemed left pretty much to herself. Her mother was dead and her father generally in such a stupid state after nightfall from the effects of beer, that he could just stumble to bed. The house was uncomfortable, and they had but three rooms under its roof, but Maggie dressed in a style simple Kitty quite envied, and had no appearance of poverty about her person. She was pretty, too, in a bold way, and, as Kitty began to discover, quite a belle; at least a good many young fellows found their way to her dingy sitting-room of an evening, and were, Kitty thought, remarkably attentive.

They were generally men who seemed above Maggie in standing—who used better language and wore fashionable clothes. But Kitty felt instinctively that they were not as respectful as they might have been, and that there was a general air amongst them of thinking their visits very good jokes. They sprawled about on the shabby chairs in a manner not indicative of reverence for the place or their companions. They smoked cigars without apology. They insisted on kissing Kitty at parting.

It would have been considered highly improper for any young farmer in Plum Valley to have so conducted himself, Kitty knew. But Maggie Hunt explained that away when once Kitty ventured to allude to it.

"You see customs is different here from what they is in the country," she said; "and these here gents is too tip-top to be prim and perticklar like plain folks. It's fashionable to do that way in New York."

And with such authority, how could Kitty have any more doubts as to the propriety of her new associate's conduct? She might think that when the most frequent visitor, one Mr. Charles, would put his head down upon Maggie's knee, as he sprawled upon a tattered sofa, smoking his cigar, and when he encirled her waist with his arm, that it was not exactly right; but she knew nothing of style. How should she?

So the thing went on until Mr. Harry, another frequent visitor, sometimes attempted the same liberties with Kitty—liberties which she at last allowed in order to be fashionable and prove herself no "queer country girl."

It was a wonder to Mrs. Hough that Kitty should be so sleepy in the mornings and so languid all day. Kitty could have explained, had she chosen, that she never retired until twelve o'clock, often not until one; but she did not dare do so. She had deceived her parents for a long while, and it seemed to her too late to make confession. Besides, Maggie's company and that of Mr. Harry were too agreeable to her to be given up voluntarily. By this time the latter had informed her that he adored her, and Kitty almost believed that she adored him. Cousin Dick from the country had grown to be a very commonplace fellow, with his thick boots and plain attire, and old-fashioned silver watch, and no gloves at all except when worsted ones were needed for warmth. He found himself quite snubbed on his next visit, and was astonished to find that Kitty did not want to go with him to the play, where he religiously took her on every city visit.

So things had gone on for some time, when one day Kitty's father had business at Plum Valley, and decreed to take her mother with him, if Kitty would not be afraid of being left at home alone; and Kitty, professing to feel no terror, urged her parents to go, and staid alone in the little house.

It was only for two nights; but the news coming to Maggie's ears, brought her over the first evening, accompanied by Mr. Charles and Mr. Harry. That evening the window shutters were not closed at nine, and the prim parlor, with its neat furniture, was sprawled and smoked in as Maggie's dingy rooms were. It seemed to Kitty that her parents' photographs upon the wall over the mantel must be cognizant of the desecration of their pretty home.

She was not happy; she hardly knew why. But for all that she could not refuse the invitation given to her by Mr. Harry.

Only for a ride on Bloomingdale Road. Mr. Charles would take Maggie, and they would have supper and return.

"The old folks will never know it, you know. You can't plead that excuse, Miss Kitty."

And Kitty yielded. There could be no harm in a ride.

After dusk next day two little vehicles came to the door, each capable of holding two persons; and Maggie, who had come over earlier and had tea with Kitty, was helped in by Mr. Charles, and Kitty took her place with Mr. Harry, and each lighted a cigar, and away they drove merrily.

It was delightful, and Mr. Harry condescended to be even sentimental, and Kitty forgot everything but the enjoyment of the moment. And it was such a long, pleasant ride, and they were so hungry when they came to the hotel and partook of a supper there such as Kitty had never tasted before. So much wine, too. She could not drink that; but the other three did without hesitation.

Their voices grew loud and their cheeks flushed, and Kitty was half frightened, and, as the evening wore on, hinted often that it was time to go home. But Maggie laughed at her, and the young men did not seem to hear.

At last Mr. Harry coaxed her out upon the piazza to look at the moon, and she went with him.

He held her hand in his as they walked up and down, and said many sentimental things to her. But even this could not quite quiet her.

"What is the time?" she asked at last.

And then he took out his watch and held it in the moonlight.

"Half-past *one*," she cried. "Oh, when will we get home. Order the gig at once, Mr. Harry."

Mr. Harry laughed.

"It's put up for the night, my beauty," he said; "and I don't intend going home until morning for one. And after you've stayed *one* night, you might as well stay longer, I suppose. Those puritan parents of yours won't give you a very pleasant welcome. Don't look so. I'm you're best friend, Kitty. You don't know how much I think of you."

"Where is Maggie?" cried the girl. "Oh, tell me where Maggie is!"

Mr. Harry only laughed.

"No use calling for *her*," he said. "Just listen to me——"

But what he was about to say Kitty never knew; for at that moment a heavy blow prostrated him to the floor of the piazza, and, looking up, Kitty saw her father, and fled to him, and laid upon his bosom weeping.

"You pitiful rascal," said the old man, "I don't know but that my having tried to be a Christian is all that saves your life—that and the dread of casting scandal on the girl here. But I'm too thankful to Him that led me here, to break His laws. And you haven't done any great harm—only tried to. Don't stir until I'm out of sight, though. I'm not an angel. Get your bonnet, Kitty, and come."

And Kitty was not long in obeying, and thankful to be taken home. Thankful that she had a parent to guard her as she had never been before.

"Can you forgive me, father," she said, pitifully.

And he answered:

"Parents can forgive a good deal, I guess. I heard enough to know you've been only silly. But, thank the Lord, I got home when I did, and bless gossipping and prying neighbors for once.

"The old woman next door told me all about your knowing Maggie Hunt, and what she was, and what these fellows were, and where you'd gone, and how; and I hired a horse and gig, and came out after you; and, Kitty, *you* don't know, child, what I've saved you from, but I do! We've both reason to thank the God I know your mother is praying to now upon her bended knees."

And Kitty did, that night and ever after.

Poor Maggie never came home again. But, long after, when Kitty had married her cousin Dick, and was the mistress of his pleasant farmhouse, she sat one day by the door, dandling her youngest-born, and wondering whether there ever could be or had been so happy a wife and mother, (living all these years without a cross word or reproving glance from her husband, and seeing her children so beautiful and healthy, and having her hale old parents near her, crowning her life with their blessing,) there came to the house a wretched creature, begging. A woman green and yellow, with wild eyes and swollen features, who begged for food.

Kitty gave it to her in pity, and, when it was eaten, found some clothes for the half-naked creature, and a prudent little gift of money. And the poor soul took it, and was turning away, when she suddenly came back, and, bursting into tears, knelt down, and kissed Kitty's hand.

"The Lord took care of you as you deserved," she said. "He let me go—I deserved that too.

"Maybe you don't know you've helped Maggie Hunt. May be you wouldn't, if you'd knowed. I was awful wicked to try to lead you wrong. But, you see, I didn't know what good was. I'm most at an end on't, any way—I wish I was quite; but thank you and bless you!"

And she went her way, and Kitty saw no more of her.

Soon no one did or could; for, with the money Kitty gave her, that very day, the wretched woman drank herself blind, and deaf, and stupid; and wandering upon the railroad, over which a train already roared in full sight, she was run down before the engine could be stopped—and so died!

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

On the following day Mrs. Hastings was as well as usual, but she remained in bed until the hour nearly arrived to set out for Magnolia. She had no idea of giving up her visit on account of her late assumed illness; for she had become so expert in imitating hysterical attacks that it was difficult for those near her to detect the imposture.

Mrs. Hastings deluded herself with the idea that by simulating suffering she could work on the better feelings of her husband till a reform would be produced. She never dreamed that he saw through her shallow tactics, and resented the confusion and discomfort produced in the house by her pretence of illness. If he had ever loved her as he knew himself to be capable of loving, he might have felt differently—might have made efforts to redeem himself from his sin; but he did not. He had never loved her as a man should the woman he vows before God to cherish as the partner of his life. He had been fascinated by her beauty, for in her youth she had been very attractive; dazzled by her great wealth, and finally won by her evident preference for himself.

Mr. Hastings had always been an attentive and affectionate husband, save when the reproaches of his wife goaded him to utter some bitter retort; but in his heart of hearts he knew that his Laura was not the woman who should have stood beside him in the battle of life. Before they met, he had lavished on another all the passion of his heart; and the pale and feeble glimmer of love she had awakened, when compared with that lava tide of feeling, seemed as a farthing rushlight beside the grand eruption of a volcano.

Wildly as he had loved her, he had wronged that other woman as deeply as man can wrong his fellow being; and he sadly confessed to himself that he merited all and more than the wife he had wedded chose to inflict upon him. So he bore his cross as meekly as he could, and tried to be respectable, if he could not be happy.

While her mother was making her toilette, Opal joined her father on the portico, where he was restlessly pacing to and fro waiting for the appearance of the carriage and his lady wife.

The young girl had recovered from the excitement of the previous evening, and she looked as pure as a snow-drop in her dark silk dress, relieved at the throat by a delicate lace collar fastened with a large opal set with pearls. She put her hand through his arm, and tenderly said:

"Let me walk with you, Papa, and cheer you up a little. You look sadly dispirited this morning."

"Do I, my darling? I thought I had quite recovered my usual equanimity, and with it the deceitful semblance of content, at least."

"Oh, Papa, I hope you are not in earnest when you speak thus. Are you not contented, even happy, in your own home, with your own pet to make much of you?"

And she eagerly scanned the handsome face from which the purple flush that disfigured it a few hours before had entirely faded, leaving his fine features clear and pale, but unutterably sad in expression.

He smiled down on her, and affectionately replied:

"Yes, I am happy when you are beside me, my precious one. But there is little else to attach me to life, Opal. Your mother will not permit us to enjoy the peace we might have; and although I know that I do not always do exactly right, she does not take the true way to reform me. But Laura is your mother, my dear, and of course I am unwilling to say anything to you that can lower your respect for her. We will talk of something else; and first and foremost let me ask you what you think of Godfrey Fenton? You know that your opinion of him is of paramount importance."

She flushed slightly, and with some reserve replied:

"Not to him, I fancy; for there is some one else in the world that he thinks far more of than he does of me."

"Who told you that, my child?"

"I heard such a hint from Mrs. Langley soon after her return from Newport, and it was confirmed by some words that fell from Guy Denham yesterday. They were together several weeks last summer, you know, and at that time Godfrey was devoted to a young lady whose acquaintance he made in the North."

With some irritation Mr. Hastings asked:

"How did Guy come to tell you such a thing as that? Knowing as he does the relations that exist between you and Godfrey, it was unkind and uncalled for on his part to speak of a flirtation such as any young man may carry on with a casual acquaintance at a watering place."

"But, papa, I have the impression that it was something far more serious than a flirtation. Mr. Fenton is not absolutely bound to me, for no word of love has ever passed between us, and so far as I am concerned he is perfectly free to choose another. The sort of contract that has been made for him and myself, by you and his mother, is not binding on either of us; and—and—to tell you the truth, I wish it had never been made."

"Nonsense, Opal, don't talk in this strain. Don't you like Godfrey well enough as a lover? He is the handsomest fellow I ever saw, with the cultivation of an elegant gentleman. No girl could long remain indifferent to him."

"Not if he loved her devotedly and truly perhaps; but Godfrey is not in love with me, and I do not think that he intends to put forward such claims as he might once have had to my hand. I believe that phase of his life is over, and I am no more to him than any other girl he knew and petted as a child."

"There you are greatly mistaken, for he and I had a long conversation about you yesterday, in which he distinctly said that he loves you, and looks forward with certainty to the completion of your long contemplated union."

Opal looked frightened and seemed ready to burst in tears; but she controlled her voice sufficiently to say:

"I—I am sorry to hear it, papa, for I do not think that I like Godfrey better than—than any one else; and I ought to do that if I consent to marry him."

"Whom do you mean by any one else?" asked her father, abruptly, as he fixed his eyes searchingly upon her changing face. "Has any other been trying to rival Godfrey in your good graces?"

Opal hung her head and faintly murmured:

"I hardly know. But if you won't be angry with me I will confess that whenever I do marry, I had rather choose my own husband than have him chosen for me. Godfrey only takes me because his mother insists upon it; I feel almost sure of that, and—and I had rather not be almost offered to him. I should prefer that we both have perfect freedom of choice in this matter."

Her father drily replied:

"If you mean by that you would not choose Godfrey, I am afraid it cannot be granted to you, Opal."

She looked up at him with an alarmed expression and deprecatingly said:

"Don't speak to me in such a tone as that, papa; it wounds me deeply. What necessity binds me to accept Mr. Fenton, regardless of my own feelings? I cannot understand why I *must* marry him."

"You will marry him, my dear, because he adores you; because your parents wish it, and my future peace demands it. If you refuse Godfrey Fenton, in all probability your mother and I will cease to live together as husband and wife. I should go away, God knows where! but you would see me no more. Much as I love you, I should then have no choice but to separate myself from you, and the separation, once made, would be final."

Opal listened appalled. In a tone of anguish she exclaimed:

"Oh, papa! what are you talking of! Leave us! Leave mamma and me! Do not try to frighten me into measures by uttering such a threat as that."

"It is not intended as a threat, my daughter. It is the saddest truth to me. I cannot explain why it is so, but for me everything depends on your union with Godfrey Fenton. If your heart has strayed from him, recall it as speedily as possible, for there is no escape from the marriage that has been arranged for you."

Opal listened to these sad and measured words as to those of doom. She trembled and grew pale, for she saw that her father was terribly in earnest. She was not in love with Guy Denham, but she felt that undefinable attraction toward him—that perfect trust in his honor and nobility of soul, which must have resulted in a tender and enduring attachment had it not been thus rudely nipped in the bud.

After a pause of some length she sadly said:

"I cannot wilfully do anything to make you unhappy, papa; much less to bring about such disastrous results as your words foreshadow. I am your loving and obedient child, and if Godfrey can succeed in convincing me that he loves me truly and with all his heart, I—I will try to return it. That is all I can promise."

"And that is enough, darling. In the present state of affairs I could ask no more of you. Godfrey has a whole year in which to win you, and in that time I am sure he will succeed. Put aside this jealous fancy of yours, for although he admitted to me that he had flirted with two girls since he went away, he declared that he still kept the image of his child-bride paramount in his heart."

"*Two!* I heard of but one. Well—I suppose that Godfrey only amused himself as other handsome young men do, and I must attach no importance to what I have heard."

"You need not, for I am sure there was no serious entanglement; and by the way, 'forwarned is forearmed,' I was sorry to hear that one of the ladies is the very Miss Gordon who is coming here as your governess. Now she may cherish some spite against Godfrey for disappointing her, and it must be your part to put down any effort made by her to disparage him in your estimation. You must not permit her to talk of Godfrey at all. He meant nothing by his attentions, and he assured me that her chief attraction for him lay in her resemblance to you."

"Miss Gordon looks like me? That is strange."

"By no means. Such accidental resemblances often occur; but, in fact, this young lady is a distant relative of mine, and by some strange freak of nature you have both inherited features of the same mould from some common ancestor."

Opal looked very much surprised:

"If she is a relative, why has she not before been spoken of as such? I thought her an utter stranger."

With some embarrassment her father replied:

"Until Fenton told me of the likeness between you, I had made up my mind to say nothing about it, as the girl herself might build hopes upon the connexion that could never be realized. But as no one knows what absurd fancies your mother might take into her head if it was not accounted for by the fact of her relationship, I shall confide to her what I have just told you; but it is not my wish that Miss Gordon shall know that such a tie exists. She might presume upon it and give us trouble. You are to forget that a drop of the same blood flows in your veins, and only treat her as a lady whose accomplishments entitle her to every consideration."

"I shall be sure to do that, papa, for it must be a sad fate for a young girl to have no home of her own. But here comes the carriage and our talk is at an end, for I must run up stairs for my hat and shawl. Thank you for your confidence in me. It has placed me on a right footing, and I mean to prove myself quite worthy of it."

A dark brown carriage, with silver-mounted harness on the blooded horses, drew up in front of the steps, and a groom led his master's steed behind it. Mr. Hastings never drove with his wife; he could not bear the confinement of a close carriage, and, like most southern gentlemen, preferred equestrian exercise.

Mrs. Hastings came forth elaborately dressed and rouged. She had not seen her husband since she was borne from his sight on the previous evening, for he never ventured near her while she was in what her black maid called "spagms" and "squirming tantrums;" the last being the most expressive name that could possibly have been invented for the condition of Mrs. Hastings at such interesting times.

She smiled on her liege lord this morning, and held out her finger as she languidly said:

"I have overslept myself; but no wonder, after all I suffered last night. But I forgive your naughtiness, my love, in the hope that such a thing will not occur again. When you see how unhappy it makes me to see you ruining your health and destroying the fine looks in which I take such pride, you should resolve to abandon your self-indulgent habits."

"If you would cease preaching, Laura, perhaps I might make the effort. If you had any discernment, you would have found that out long ago. I don't choose to be hectored over by my own wife, so I let her see that I will have my own way, even if it is to my own detriment."

"*Hectored* over! what a horrid, vulgar word!" exclaimed the lady, shuddering affectedly.

"By no means vulgar, for it has a classic origin, and comes from the feats of that hero of the Trojans so nobly sung by the oldest poet known to Greece. I am sorry that the word shocked your sensitive nerves."

"If you cared about shocking my nerves, you would act differently from what you do. You never seem the least sorry or repentant, although you have been the cause of such suffering to me. I shall die yet in some of these attacks; and, if justice were done, you would be held responsible for my fate."

"Yet if such a catastrophe were to occur, I should go 'unwhipt of justice,' for there is no law to punish a man because his wife gives way to her temper till it masters her completely."

"*Temper!*—temper is it, when my frame is racked by suffering, and my heart almost broken by your cruel want of consideration for me. Mr. Hastings, there are moments in which I wish that I had never seen you."

"I sincerely wish that you never had, Mrs. Hastings, for we should both have been better apart. I have lived in a whirlwind since I have been your husband; and it seems that even now, when we have a grown up daughter to witness our quarrels, you will not suffer peace to reign in her home. I have resolved on one thing, and that is, that I will no longer submit to your caprices; and if you do not treat me with more respect, I will shake the dust of this place off my feet, and go—God knows whither, but to some place as far distant from you as can be found in this miserable world."

She looked into his set face, and saw that he was deeply in earnest. Her heart gave a great bound, for she loved him in spite of the tyranny to which she habitually subjected him, and in a changed tone she said:

"I only speak for your good, William. Don't look at me so, for you know that I am devoted to you—that I could not live without you. Don't talk in that dreadful way, or I shall be ill again."

"Very well, Laura. I will not, if you will be on your good behavior. You make me so unhappy at times that I am ready to do anything desperate. You don't understand me, or you would take a different course to influence me."

She came to his side, laid her hand upon his arm, and looking up into his face with eyes filled with tears, almost humbly said:

"Forgive me this once, William, and I will try to do better. But indeed you exhaust my patience and humiliate me by—by—well, you know what, so I will not speak of it."

He looked down at her, sighed wearily, and sadly replied:

"Let 'the dead past bury its dead,' Laura. I promise not to exceed bounds to-day, and I will make an effort to refrain from drinking more than is good for me. Of late, I know that I have exceeded bounds, but I have been very unhappy, and that was the only escape from the burden that oppresses me. Let there be a truce between us, for here comes Opal; and the poor child will be most happy to see that we are reconciled."

The young girl was indeed rejoiced to see them standing amicably together, and she smiled brightly as she sprang into the carriage after her mother. Mr. Hastings mounted his horse and slowly followed them, thinking and planning for the future, almost repenting the arrangement he had made to bring Nina Gordon beneath his roof, yet repudiating the suspicion that she could become the agent of evil to any member of his household.

On this bright morning, he thought far more of her than of the recent reconciliation with his wife, and his final conclusion was that it was best for her to come. He must provide for her in some way; and the one he had chosen seemed to be the only means of doing so that was open to him.

When Mr. Hastings reached Magnolia, he found the little party gathered in the spacious drawing-room, the elder ladies near the bright wood-fire that sparkled on the hearth, and the young people gathered in a group around a portfolio of engravings, which they were looking over and discussing.

As this was Saturday, Dora and Jenny were at home; and most happy were they to be near the brother of whom they were so proud and fond. They caressed his hands, played with his amber curls, and showed in every way the delight his presence afforded them. Opal noted with an observant eye the affectionate playfulness with which Fenton submitted to these demonstrations; and, with a half sigh, she admitted to herself that the lover chosen for her by her parents was amiable and considerate of others, and she thought that it might not be impossible to learn to love him.

She resolutely put aside the dream that had begun to mingle with her maiden fancies, and hoped that Guy was not so much attached to her as his manner of late had led her to believe. Her destiny was fixed—no effort of her own could change it, so she must submit to be given in marriage to the handsome and fascinating man who, on this day, set himself seriously to the task of winning her from the rival he both hated and feared. Guy Denham should never take her from him—he was determined on that; and, after Fenton's return home on the previous night, he had distinctly pledged his word to his mother that he would do all in his power to hasten his union with Opal Hastings. If they were to be united at all, it was safer and better to have their marriage completed as soon as possible and thus baffle the efforts Nina Gordon would doubtless make to produce a rupture between them.

Fenton observed that the manner of Opal was much more shy and reserved than on the previous day, and he readily surmised that her father had given her to understand that he intended to maintain his claim on her hand. How much she had been told concerning Inez he did not know, but to-day he was ready to protest to her that, through all his other love experiences, she had never for one moment lost the hold on his heart gained by her childish attractions.

Fenton would not pause to think how false he was to both these women; he felt that the necessity of a speedy decision, and as rapid action, left him no choice. Convinced that Inez was out of the question as his future wife, he was resolute that so fair a prize as Opal should not escape him through any lack of ardor on his part.

Already was his inconstant heart inflamed by her beauty, and he was ready to vow that no other girl had awakened such profound emotions of regard in his susceptible heart. Mrs. Markland looked on with joyful satisfaction, and determined before the day was over to speak with Mr. Hastings on the subject of an immediate union between the young people. It could do no good to defer their marriage a year, and she was most anxious to place between her son and Inez Lopez a barrier that could not be overleaped in a moment of desperate and rebellious passion; for, after what had passed between them on the night of Fenton's return, she could not feel entirely sure of him till the knot was actually tied that bound him fast to the bride she had chosen for him.

After greeting Mrs. Markland, Mr. Hastings drew near the young people, and pinching Dora's cheek, said:

"You are growing almost as tall and pretty as Opal, my dear. But, before you dream of a lover for yourself, you shall act as bridesmaid for her, and we will have the grandest wedding that was ever given in the county, or perhaps the state!"

Opal flushed painfully, and Jenny archly said:

"I know who the groom is to be, and of course Dora will be first bridesmaid. I only wish that I was tall enough to stand up too, but I suppose I'll have to stay with the children."

And she curled her lip contemptuously.

"I will tell you how we'll manage that, Jenny. We'll have candle-bearers to light the bride on her way, as was the fashion in my young days, and you shall be one of them."

The little girl clapped her hands in ecstasy.

"That will be splendid! and I'll hold my candle so straight as not to drop the wax on my dress and spoil it. I intend to wear a white tulle looped up with roses. Mamma will think that simple enough for a child like me I hope."

"I don't doubt it; and, as you are such a connoisseur in dress, Jenny, perhaps you will give Opal a hint of what her's should be on that auspicious occasion?"

"Of course I will," replied the voluble child, with extreme gravity. "As Opal is a great heiress, she must have satin and *real* lace—lace as fine and costly as that worn by the Princess Royal of England when she was married. She must have diamonds on her neck and arms, but her head must be crowned with orange-blossoms, because all brides wear them."

Opal was bending over a picture called "The Lover's Parting," but she did not see it. She was trembling with agitation, and rapidly changed color, for she knew that Fenton's eyes were fixed on her, and she felt almost angry with her father for subjecting her to so painful an ordeal by his idle prattle with the self-sufficient little girl.

Dora added to her confusion by saying, in a distinct whisper:

"Taat picture represents you and Godfrey, when he goes to New Orleans to get his wedding outfit—only the girl's hair is black, and your's is brown. It's a pity the artist did not give her light hair."

Fenton overheard her, and he glanced down at the colored lithograph on which Opal's eyes were mechanically fixed. He started with a painful sense of guilt, for the scene it represented brought vividly to his mind that last parting scene with Inez, in which he had vowed before Heaven to be true to her. There was an expression in the dark, imploring eyes; in the drooping grace of the figure, that brought her image as a living reality before him; and for a moment he felt almost stunned. In that instant he knew that Inez had lost no portion of her power over his heart, and he could have cursed himself for the base desertion he had so readily determined on.

The voice of his mother aroused him from his painful trance, and he came back to the present resolutely thrusting aside such inconvenient memories as intruded upon him.

Dinner was announced, and on this day he had Opal all to himself. He sat beside her, and sedulously devoted himself to her, talking with a brilliancy that was born of the unrest that devoured his soul.

What he meant to do should be done quickly, that no loophole of escape or repentance might remain. He would place his matrimonial destiny beyond his own control, and *then* he would be able to exorcise the past and think only of the auspicious future opening before him. He drank several glasses of champagne, and under their exhilarating influence felt nerved for the ordeal through which he intended to pass before the day was over.

Opal was unusually silent, and she scarcely tasted the tempting viands that were offered in succession to her. When the elaborate dinner was at last over, she was glad to escape from the scent of food by taking refuge in the open air.

The afternoon was soft and clear, and she managed to evade the children, hoping to gain a few moments alone in the seclusion of a summer-house situated in a wilderness of shrubbery in the lower end of the large garden.

With a weary sigh she threw herself on the rustic seat it contained and pitifully murmured:

"I see it—I feel it—I must—I *must* obey the wishes of my father; yet—yet, I feel tempted to follow the dictates of my own heart. Godfrey intends to marry me—I understand that plainly enough, and I—I wonder if I *can* love him as he deserves to be loved? He fascinates me—he enthralls me in some mysterious way; yet I am sure it is not love. No—no—it is not the attraction of love—I know it is not; yet it is my duty to cultivate that feeling for him. I must teach myself the lesson they have set me, and—oh, Heavens! here he comes to demand the ratification of the contract that was made for us, and there is no escape for me."

She recognized the eager step that drew near her place of seclusion, and bitterly regretted that she had afforded Fenton an opportunity of speaking with her in private. She intuitively knew what he came to say, and dreaded hearing it.

Fenton came blithely forward, sat down beside her, and taking her passive hand in his own, tenderly said:

"This is a happiness I had scarcely dared to hope for, Opal—*my* Opal, is it not so? All day have I been panting for the opportunity to tell you with what passionate sentiments of affection you have inspired me. Our parents long ago decided that we should marry, Opal; but their wishes would have little weight with me if I did not adore you. Your consent to give me your hand will render me the happiest and proudest of men."

She looked up at him and suddenly asked:

"To how many others have you uttered the same protestations, Mr. Fenton? I have been told that you found charms, superior in your estimation to mine, while you were far away; then how can I believe that your professions are sincere?"

Nothing daunted, he earnestly said:

"Look into my eyes, Opal, and you will see that I mean every word I utter. Do not doubt me, dearest, because slandering tongues have tried to poison your mind against me, by misrepresenting a mere flirtation that meant nothing. Everything is over between the lady you refer to and myself, and I am at your feet to be made the happiest or the most miserable of men."

He arose and gracefully dropped on one knee before her, but he did this that he might have a fair look into the agitated face which she had turned so persistently from him that he could see nothing of its expression as he sat beside her.

Fenton saw that her doubts were melting before his asseverations, for she looked down on him with dewy eyes, and her lips relaxed into a faint smile as she asked:

"Are you *sure*, Godfrey, that the gift of my love will make you as happy as you say it will? Do not seek to deceive me, nor play the traitor to your own heart, for it is of the last importance to both of us that we shall fully understand what we desire."

"I have but one wish, Opal, and that is to make you my wife at as early a day as possible. The sooner our marriage can take place the better it will be for me, and I hope for you, my dearest girl."

In a tone of alarm she cried:

"But there is no question of an immediate marriage, Godfrey. Such is not my father's wish, nor—nor my own. When he spoke to me on this subject this morning, he said that we would have a year in which to understand our feelings toward each other. I am too young to marry yet."

"I do not think so, Opal. You are a woman in person, and your mind is developed beyond your years. Let mine be the precious task to develop your heart and affections, and I shall feel myself the most fortunate of men. Consent that our union shall take place immediately; there is no necessity for delay, and I am most anxious to make you all my own before your heart has had a chance to receive other impressions. To win your virgin affections is the sweetest hope of my life, and, blessed with them, I feel that I shall have won all that is needed to make my future blessed. Let me become your husband without any delay that can be avoided."

An almost imperceptible shiver thrilled through her frame, and she hurriedly said:

"No—no—it cannot be, dear Godfrey. Eloquently as you plead; earnest as you seem to be, I must refuse to give you my hand before the stipulated year is out. Grant me that grace, I entreat, and say nothing to papa about a speedy marriage. I must not consent to it, for I do not yet fully understand my own heart. I love no other, yet I shrink from the thought of giving myself irrevocably to you."

"Opal—darling, that is but the natural feeling of every young girl when she first listens to words of love; but you will get over it, love. You will gradually accustom yourself to think of me as the companion of your future life, and you will be wrought on to consent to name an early day for our union. Since it is to be, there is no good reason for deferring it longer than is necessary to prepare a trousseau befitting so peerless a bride as you will be. Oh, Opal! I could not bear the delay of a whole year. I know not what might happen in that interval to separate us forever."

"But what could happen, Godfrey? I am willing to consider my hand as plighted to you; to bring my heart into subjection to the wishes of those who love me best; but it is asking too much of me when you insist that I shall become yours before I have had time to learn to love you. I would not deceive you for the world, Godfrey, and I have known too little of you in the last few years to wind my affections around you all at once. Give me the stipulated year, I entreat, in which to make up my mind to this important change in my destiny. Nothing can sever us but your will or my own, and if either of us should wish to recede from the contract, it will surely be better to retain the power of doing so, before an irrevocable vow is taken at the altar."

"Opal," he passionately said, "your coolness drives me mad. I tell you that the girl who is coming hither as your governess, may step between us; she may make a breach between us that can never be healed. Consent to marry me at once, and all Nina Gordon's arts will be effectually baffled."

She made an effort to release her hands which he had forcibly imprisoned in his own, and coldly said:

"Miss Gordon, I already understand, thinks that you have not treated her well. I do not judge you, Godfrey, and your flirtation with her may not have been looked on by you as wrong; but you must have a very poor opinion of me if you think anything she would dare to say against you would be listened to by me. No—if I trust you at all, I trust you implicitly. I have consented to become your wife at some future day, and I shall hold your honor sacred from the attacks of any one. Miss Gordon will never be permitted to say to me aught that is not fitting to be spoken of you to your betrothed."

Fenton arose and leaned against the doorway, looking down on her with an expression she could not interpret. In a sad tone, he said:

"I thank you for that assurance, Opal. It is worthy of you, and half consoles me for your opposition to what I so earnestly desire. This young girl is my bitter foe; twice has she threatened to avenge herself on me for the imaginary wrong I did her in leading her to suppose that my attentions were more than friendly. I sought her acquaintance because she reminded me of you; that was the sole attraction, I solemnly swear, though she deluded herself with the belief that I loved her. But she is the 'counterfeit presentment' beside the true gem, and you alone are mistress of my heart."

Opal looked up at him, smiled faintly, and replied:

"I am willing to believe you, Godfrey, but let me have a little time to fathom my own heart, and bring out all its capacity for loving, before I plight my faith to you. Surely that is not asking too much."

"It is only asking that which I feel incapable of granting, Opal. I shall see you every day for weeks to come, and, at the end of another month, I shall again press for a speedy union. By that time you will know me better; you will understand how dear you are to me, and I am vain enough to hope that I shall have been able to elicit a corresponding emotion in your heart. If you love me ever so little then, will you promise to listen more favorably to my proposal of an immediate marriage? We will make a bridal trip to Europe; I have never travelled except on this continent, and together we will explore the old world, finding day by day something to prize and love in each other even more than the wonders of art, and beauty to be enjoyed there."

The bait was well presented, for Fenton knew that Opal was most anxious for such a tour; that she had looked forward to it through all her short life as its crowning joy. She was so young, so untried, so ignorant of her own needs, that she listened to this suggestion with a bounding heart. She smiled on him with all her native brightness, and, extending her fair hand to him, softly said:

"I will think of what you have said, Godfrey, and if I can gain the consent of my own heart, and papa is willing to give me up so soon, perhaps your wishes may be fulfilled. But I am to have a month to make up my mind, remember; and if I recede, then you will not urge me further till the year is gone."

"I will not; I pledge you my honor I will not," cried Fenton, beaming with rapture at this concession. "Oh, Opal, I will not doubt my power to win you, for such love as I feel for you must meet its reward."

He did not attempt to kiss her. He had too much tact for that. He only lifted her hand to his lips with fervent pressure, and she thanked him in her heart for his forbearance; for, after what had just passed between them, he surely had the right to kiss her if he chose to do so."

Fenton remembered the last passionate kiss he had pressed upon the lips of Inez; and although he did not scruple to secure his own interests by making love to her rival, he shrank from taking Opal in his arms, and bestowing on her the caress which he felt would be profanation to the pure and maidenly creature who had just given him her troth.

She arose, and quietly said:

"We will return to the house now. It is getting late, and mamma will be anxious to return home."

Fenton drew her arm through his, and as they walked slowly forward he said:

"There is one thing I must require of you, Opal. Guy loves you; he makes no concealment of it; and I saw indications yesterday that made me a little jealous. *Men* may flirt with impunity, dearest, but no man likes to see his betrothed too attractive to another."

He felt that she shivered, but she calmly replied:

"Mr. Denham has never told me that he loves me, and I have no right to believe it until he does so. You need have no fear of him. I shall not again permit him to approach me as he did yesterday. I understand too well what is due to our relations toward each other."

"Thanks, dearest. Freed from Guy's rivalry, I am persuaded that I shall be able to win all that I have asked. Only let me devote myself to you without any disturbing element, and my adoring love must win its way to your gentle and affectionate heart."

By this time they had gained the entrance to the house, before which the carriage was waiting; and when they entered the drawing-room mischievous glances greeted them from the two girls.

Jenny came up to Opal and whispered in her ear:

"Kiss me, sister, for I see from your face that Godfrey has gained your consent to become such. I hope it won't be long before I shall have my tulle dress looped with roses."

"You absurd child, that is only fitting attire for a young lady. Wait till the occasion comes, and then you shall have a white silk, with a lace tucker."

Jenny pouted, and Dora softly said:

"I hope we shall have the wedding very soon, and I think we shall, for mamma and Mr. Hastings have been talking it over; and I overheard her say that it is of no use to put it off, and it will be safer and better to have it over at once."

Opal crimsoned, and cast a half-resentful glance toward Mrs. Markland, but another one at the handsome and animated face of Fenton made her think how ungrateful she was for all the affection lavished on her.

Poor child! how was she to distinguish the true from the counterfeit, especially when love was so well simulated? and she left Magnolia with the conviction that, in the estimation of Godfrey Fenton, she was the dearest of God's creatures.

Mrs. Markland whispered a few words in her ear as they separated, and Opal sunk back in the carriage in a strange whirl of feeling, for the assurance was thus conveyed to her that her father, on whose opposition she had relied to save her from the too ardent pursuit of her lover, had given his consent to an immediate marriage.

What influence had been brought to bear upon him which could induce him to do this? Opal vainly asked herself. She was bewildered and frightened by the suddenness of the whole thing, and she could not divest herself of the feeling that she was hovering on the brink of a precipice from which she felt herself powerless to recede. The hand that pushed her over its brink would be that of her own father; and, although she shivered and shrank in every fibre of her frame from the last fatal plunge, she felt that she would be forced to make it without the entire consent of her own heart.

The first moment she found herself alone with her father, she threw herself sobbing upon his breast, and cried out:

"What have you done, papa? Why should you have consented that my marriage shall be hurried on? I shall not have time to know whether I am taking Godfrey because I love him or because he said he would take me to Europe. I made a foolish promise when he said he would—but I regret it already. I do not wish to marry any one yet, papa."

To this outburst, Mr. Hastings soothingly replied:

"You will think differently about it, my love, when you have had time to overcome your agitation and view things calmly. There is really no reason why the marriage which is eventually to take place shall be postponed. Godfrey is extremely anxious that no delay shall take place, and I really could not bring forward any valid objection when Mrs. Markland set forth all the reasons in its favor. Godfrey is a noble and true man, and it is as well for you to secure a good husband now as at some future day."

"*Secure him!*—I don't wish to secure him. He may go if he chooses, and I should not break my heart over his loss. I do not understand how I feel toward him; when Godfrey talks with me, I seem to be under a spell, and I have no power to resist his specious pleadings; but, when I am away from him, something cries aloud in my soul and warns me that he is not its true mate. Oh, papa, pity me and save me from—from—making a precipitate marriage, which may end in supreme wretchedness to your poor Opal!"

"Hush! hush! darling. You must not talk in this strain. You must not give way to such chimerical fancies. Opal, you *must* marry Godfrey Fenton, if you would save me from disgrace. Make the sacrifice, if it be such, without these bitter wailings over your lot. Refuse to give him your hand by the twentieth of next month, and all is ended for me. I will go away, and find some place in which to hide my dishonored head for the remnant of my unhappy life. It rests with you to decide what my fate shall be."

Opal raised herself from his bosom, and regarded him with terror. His face was paler than her own, and there was an expression on it that chilled her to the soul. She tremulously asked:

"Has it come to this, that I must sacrifice myself to save you from—*What*—for I do not understand the danger that menaces you."

"Nor can I explain it," he mournfully replied; "but my fate rests with you. I leave you free to decide for yourself, and—and—for me."

The solemnity with which the last words were spoken left her no room for doubt, and with a cry of anguish she exclaimed:

"Then there is no alternative! I give myself away at your command; but oh! my father, my heart is not in this contract. It is not. I feel—I know it now when it is too late."

"It will be, my darling child; for no mortal woman can resist such a man as Godfrey, when he swears that he loves her beyond all others; and I believe, I am sure that he thus regards you."

Opal shook her head, sighed heavily, and escaped to her own room to weep more bitterly than she had ever wept in her life. Alone, she stood face to face with her own soul, and she knew then that another was dearer to her than the man to whom she had promised her hand.

But she was brave and meant to be true, and she silently closed that portal in her heart and vowed to make every effort to give it up to her betrothed. For her father's sake this sacrifice must be made, and she would not make it with a shrinking and unwilling heart if she could help it.

Mrs. Hastings was informed that night of what had taken place between the betrothed pair, and although she was surprised that Opal had consented to so early a marriage, she was delighted with the prospect of the bustle of preparation, and entered heart and soul into the details of the trousseau.

Orders were dispatched to New Orleans for a splendid one to be prepared, and her soul revelled in anticipations of the exquisite toilettes she ordered both for her daughter and herself.

Day after day Fenton came to Silvermere, and if the truth must be told, he prospered in his wooing. He rode, walked and drove with Opal, and made himself so charming that she began to believe that her father's words would prove true, and her betrothed find himself as irresistible to her as he had been to others.

Yet at moments a timid dread would steal over her, and at such times nothing held her to her pledges save the memory of her father's strange words. For *him* she could do anything, and after all, did he not ask her to accept as her husband the most devoted lover that maiden ever had?

Thus this inexperienced creature reasoned, and the days glided on till three out of the five weeks granted her were gone, yet she was no nearer the solution of the important question, Do I love him? than she had been in the first hour of her bondage. She walked blindly forward, reckless now of what the future might bring.

Through all her transitions of feeling, Fenton anxiously watched her, for he was now as eager in pursuit of her as even his mother could have desired. Her coy reticence, the fluctuations of her manner toward himself had awakened something of the feeling of the sportsman who dashes on in pursuit of the frightened hare; and Fenton persuaded his own heart that it desired Opal Hastings above all others as the sweet partner of all its joys and sorrows.

A letter came from Inez informing him that the health of her father was rapidly failing, and nothing had yet been heard from the missing will; but it scarcely moved him now. He had turned away from the past, put it behind him forever, and he could almost smile when he recalled the hours of anguish their recent parting had inflicted on him.

He did not reply to her; what could he have said? He had already written to her informing her that his mother was immovable in her opposition to their union, and he had nothing further to add. He could not bring himself to tell her that he was on the eve of marriage with another while his kisses were yet scarcely cold upon her lips; so he left it to chance to reveal to the forsaken girl all the height and depth of the perfidy he was about to consummate by taking to his arms an unwilling bride.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

A NEGRO BOY IN THE WEST INDIES.

The negro boys there are the most cunning imps I have ever had to do with. I recollect on my last voyage to Jamaica, while my vessel was lying in St. Anne's Bay, I had to go to Port Maria to look for some cargo; and on my way thither, near Ora Cabeca, I came to one of the numerous small rivers that empty themselves into the little bays along the coast—I think it was the Salt Gut. When at some distance, I had observed a negro boy belaboring a mule most heartily; but before I got up he had left off his thumping and dismounted, and now appeared in earnest talk with his beast, which, with forelegs stretched out firm, and ears laid down, seemed proof against all arguments to induce him to enter the water. Quashie was all animation, and his eyes flashed like fire-flies.

"Who—o! you no go ober? Berry well—me bet you fippenny me make you go—No? Why for you no bet? Why for you no go ober?" Here the mule shook his ears to drive off the flies, which almost devour the poor animals in that climate. "Oh! you do bet—berry—den me try."

The young rascal (he was not more than ten years old) disappeared in the bush, and returned in a few seconds with some strips of fan-weed, a few small pebbles, and a branch of the cactus plant. To put three or four pebbles in each of the mule's ears, and tie them up with the fan-weed, was but the work of a minute. He then jumped on the animal's back, turned round, put the plant to his tail, and off they went, as a negro himself would say, "like mad, Massa." Into the water they plunged, the little fellow grinning and showing his teeth with perfect ecstasy. Out they got on the other side,—head and ears down, tail and heels up, and the boy's arms flying about as if they did not belong to him; and I lost sight of him as he went over the rocky steep at full gallop, where one false step would have precipitated them into the sea beneath, from whence there would have been but a small chance of escape. No, no, a butcher's boy is nothing to a negro boy—the one may ride like the devil, but the other is the very devil himself riding.

"Did you see any more of him, sir?" inquired a young lady opposite.

"Yes, madam; about two hours afterwards I reached Port Maria, and in an open space near the stores there sat, or rather lay, young Quashie eating cakes; and there also stood the mule eating guinea grass, and looking much more cheerful than when I first saw him at Salt Gut. 'Well, Quashie,' I said, 'you have got here, I see, but which of you won?' 'Quashie win, massa—Quashie neber lose.' 'But will he pay?' I inquired. 'Quashie pay himself, massa. You see, Massa Buccra, massa gib Quashie tenpenny-bit for grass for mule. Quashie bet fippenny him make him go ober de Gut—Quashie win—Quashie had fippenny for cake, mule hab fippenny for grass.'"

* * *

An Easy Place.

John Elwes, the famous miser, had a servant, whose daily occupations were as various and incongruous as can well be imagined. At four o'clock in the morning he milked the cows; then got breakfast for Mr. Elwes and his friends; then, slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel and set off to officiate as huntsman and whipper-in, in the field. Returning, he refreshed himself after his fatigues by rubbing down two or three horses as fast as he could; then ran into the house and waited at dinner; then again to the stable to feed the horses, diversified with an interlude of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight hunters to litter down for the night. And yet the old miser used to call him an idle dog, who wanted to be paid his wages for doing nothing!

* * *

Man.

During his days of youthful enthusiasm every man promises himself a career of perfect happiness—of stainless respectability—of matchless honor. We flatter ourselves that the world will reform itself for our sake. We anticipate a faultless partner in our future bride, and cheat ourselves with the expectation that the even current of destinies will flow over sands of gold. Alas! the first self-deception we are compelled to resign becomes a bitter trial to our fortitude; but, one after another, we see these cherished visions fade away—we inure ourselves to the degree of mediocrity which is our allotted portion—and, finally, learn to be contented with such dirty scraps as the charity of fortune throws in our way.

THE MORNING RIDE.

BY MRS. S. E. DONMALL.

Hark ! the neighing of my steed
Calls to me of haste and speed ;
Quick ! the jaunty cap put on,
As my riding suit I don ;
Then, with gloves, and tiny whip,
Off to "Bonnie's" side I trip.
O'er his head the reins I fling,
Then into the saddle spring ;
Now away, my steed and I,
O'er the hills and dales we fly ;
Oh ! 'tis joyous thus to be
Riding fearless, wild and free !

Lo ! the sun is scarcely up ;
Dewdrops fill each buttercup ;
Sweet perfume is on the breeze,
Wafted from the locust trees ;
And, as oft my brow I bare,
Falls with sweet, fresh, kisses there.
While the mist that upward floats,
Like the sail of fairy boats,
Floating on an ocean vast,
By my sportive fancy cast.
Onward—onward—still we hie ;
"Bonnie" knows, as well as I,
If the right, or left to take ;
He is always wide awake.
Halt we in this shaded lane ;
Hold up "Bonnie !" mind the rein !
O'er our heads the clamb'ring vine,
Coyly round the branches twine ;
Here, the threads of golden light,
On the leaves do shimmer bright ;
White capped daisies peeping out
From the hedge, and all about
On the ground, and tender grass
Fall, pink blossoms as we pass.
Step up, "Bonnie," to this side,
Where wild roses blushing hide ;
I would pluck from fairy bowers
This, the sweetest of their flowers ;
In thy forelock place it—hey !
Now you're looking fine and gay.
In thy glossy, flowing mane,
I'll entwine an ivy chain,
That some angry little elf
Hath thrown down upon myself.
Now, then, "Bonnie," on we'll go ;
Ah ! don't shake your proud head—"No ;"
Gaily trot and dance along,
While I sing a merry song.
Hark ! the birds the chorus take ;
All the woods with life awake ;
Oh ! 'tis joyous thus to be
Riding fearless, wild, and free.

Homeyard now thy footsteps turn,
Through the tangled brake and fern ;
Swift and light, my "Bonnie" springs,
What cares he for trifling things?
Heedless over brook we leap,
Over gullies, rough and deep ;
Leaving clouds of dust behind,
To the false and fickle wind ;
Oh ! 'tis joyous thus to be
Riding fearless, wild and free !

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXII.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

THE BATTLE.

In my last "Scrap" I left the two sloops-of-war just after the Frenchman had filled away ; and this was the position : To avoid being raked, the *Bristol* had hauled upon the wind with her starboard tacks aboard, and when the other ship had given her maintopsail to the wind, she stood upon very nearly the same course. We were both heading to the eastward, but the lines of our courses converged so that we were gradually nearing each other. We were very nearly abreast of our enemy, and as I looked out through the port-hole of the gun at which I was stationed, I could plainly see the faces of the men peering at us from the Frenchman's deck ; and I could see, too, the smoking match-ropes waiting to be applied to the priming of the guns that were soon to be hurling death and destruction into our midst.

One thing was evident : the Frenchman was not afraid of us ; and probably the reason why he did not hurry up the fight was, that he had orders not to engage an enemy while acting as a convoy unless attacked. In the meantime the two merchant ships were standing away to the northward ; but Capt. Trevelyan did not seem to be afraid of losing them by their running away. If he could overcome the convoy, he could easily overhaul the Indiamen afterwards. He and Mr. Allyn were upon the poop calculating the distance between the two vessels, and they had just concluded that it would be well to open the ball with a broadside, when we saw the flash of fire and the belching smoke start out from the Frenchman's side. The whizzing of the balls over our heads and the reports of the guns reached us at the same instant. I think I heard the balls first ; but the difference was hardly perceptible. With the exception of two holes in our maintopsail no damage was done.

"*Stand by First Division !*" ordered the captain. "Fire as soon as you get your bearing, and keep it up !"

And his order terminated in a rather emphatic direction that we should give to the enemy a liberal taste of that sulphurous state in which revels his Majesty Satanic.

I know it was profane ; but the men caught more inspiration from the last part of the order than from the first. And I have thought of it a great many times since, that the burning of gunpowder is not only suggestive of sulphurous flames, but that the crashing and tearing of shot and shell, the shouts of the fighters, and the howls and groans of the maimed and dying, are more nearly allied to the Satanic than to anything else ; and I have not wondered that those who are called upon to direct a battle should draw somewhat liberally from the vocabulary of the great Enemy of Man.

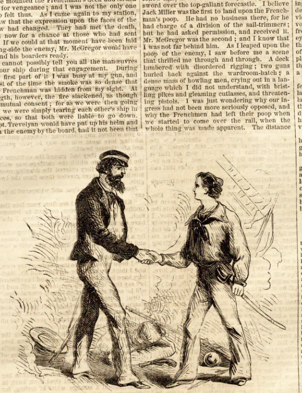
I will not hide the fact that thus far I had experienced a sense of unpleasantness in the region of the heart, and that I was forced to clutch my handspike with all my power to keep my nervousness from showing itself. But I was not the only one. No, no. On all hands I could see pale lips and quivering lids ; for there were others who had never been in battle before. Mr. McGreger watched the roll of the ship, and at the proper moment he gave the order to fire.

It was the first time I had ever felt the effects of a broadside, and I found them startling and terrific ; but I did not stop to consider ; I only caught one look out at the port to see what the effect would be upon the enemy, and then I sprang to assist in re-loading. Do you ask me what I saw when I looked out at the port? I saw a dense mass of smoke, and nothing more ; but I heard the captain cry from the poop that we had shivered the Frenchman's jib-boom.

But the moment was at hand when my manhood was to leave me, and only the brute part —the part that knows no fear or mercy—was to possess me.

Jack Byington handled the sponge and rammer of our gun on the forward side. We had loaded and fired once, and the second charge of powder had been rammed home, when young Grantley, a midshipman, came with an order from Mr. McGregor that we should load with a double-header instead of with a round shot. The round shot had already been handed out to the muzzle of the gun, and Jack dropped his sponge-staff and reached over the gun to take it, so that the double-headed shot might be passed on without delay. He had just taken the ball in his hands, when I heard a *chug* that struck a sickening sensation to every point of feeling within me—there was a splash of something into my face that blinded me—a warm, noisome mass, and when I had put up my hands to wipe it away, I found them red with blood—not my blood, but with the blood of Jack Byington, the upper part of whose body had been literally smashed and torn into shreds by a double-headed shot that had come whirling through the port.

From that moment I knew no more fear. On the instant I was changed into a furious beast ; and as I helped to drag those horribly mangled remains away from the gun, I could, all alone, have mounted the Frenchman's deck and struck out for vengeance ; and I was not the only one who felt thus. As I came again to my station, I saw that the expression upon the faces of the crew had changed. They had met the death, and now for a chance at those who had sent it. If we could at that moment have been laid along-side the enemy, Mr. McGregor would have found his boarders ready.



I cannot possibly tell you all the manœuvres of our ship during that engagement. During the first part of it I was busy at my gun, and most of the time the smoke was so dense that the Frenchman was hidden from my sight. At length, however, the fire slackened, as though by mutual consent ; for as we were then going on, we were simply tearing each other's ship in pieces, so that both were liable to go down. Capt. Trevelyan would have put up his helm and run the enemy by the board, had it not been that in doing so he must expose his ship to a raking fire for quite a while, and this he cared not to do. Two or three of our back-stays, and a few of the shrouds, had been shot away ; but they had been securely stoppered ; and the only spar we had had injured when the fire slackened was our spanker-boom, which had been carried away just inside the topping-lift ; but that had been secured and fished so that the usefulness of the sail was not interfered with. Our bulwarks had been damaged somewhat, and quite a number of our men had been severely injured by the splinters, and a few killed.

An exclamation of satisfaction from our commander caused me to look again towards the Frenchman, and I saw that his maintopsail had been laid aback. It looked like a challenge for us to run her on board ; but Trevelyan hesitated.

"Mr. McGregor," he said, "I have a mind to accept that challenge at once."

"Ask my division, sir," returned the first lieutenant.

"Aye, aye, cap'n !" responded a dozen of our men, "give us the chance !"

The captain's eye flashed, and I knew that he felt proud and confident of his crew. He took a look up and down the deck of his ship. He saw the splintered bulwarks ; he missed, here and there, a familiar face from its quarters ; he saw the pools and dabs of blood where his brave boys had fallen ; and when he looked into the faces of their living companions he could read only the one eager desire for vengeance.

"Mr. Allyn," said he, a rich color flushing up to his temples, "run that fellow on board as quickly as possible !"

And as the sail-trimmers were called to execute the order for filling away, and the helmsman was directed to "up helm," there went up from the deck of the *Bristol* such cheers as are never heard save when the whole heart is in them.

Our crew kept their stations, the sail-trimmers being amply able to work ship. The boarders had their cutlasses girded to their loins, and their pistols, carefully loaded, suspended to their belts. Those told off to repel boarders were armed with their pikes ; but to one division of them the captain had furnished cutlasses, so that, in case of great promise from such a movement, they might be called away with the boarders. They had been served with pistols before ; for every man whose duty called him upon deck was provided with a brace of those weapons. I know that a pair of boarding-pistols is a lumbering load for a sail-trimmer to carry ; but when two men-of-war are coming together, and either is liable to be first boarded, men work a great deal better under that peculiar sense of security which is engendered by the possession of reliable fire-arms.

As had been expected, the moment our bows were turned towards the Frenchman he opened his broadside upon us, and we could only reply from three guns—from the long eighteen-pounder on the top-gallant-forecastle, and from one at each bridle-port. The enemy's first broadside did us no damage at all, every shot flying over us ; the second made sad havoc with our canvass, but not enough to materially lessen our headway. Half the distance had been gained when the third broadside came. Two round shot struck the head, and came crashing through under the topgallant-forecastle, killing two men at the larboard gun ; severely wounding two more with splinters, and taking off the left leg of a man who stood in the waist. A fourth broadside was more terrible than that. At least a dozen struck us, and the crash of rending timbers and the howling of the wounded was awful. Instinctively I bowed my head and clasped my hands, for I had nothing to do but stand there and wait for orders.

But it may be that those murderous broadsides cost the Frenchman dearer than they did us. It will be remembered that we had from fifty to seventy-five men more than the full complement of our ship ; so that the casualties thus far had not reduced us to the maximum number for a first-class sloop-of-war ; and now be it understood that the crashing and tearing of those broadsides which we could not answer had the effect of raising the passions of our men to the pitch of fury. The crew of the eighteen-pounder had been so thinned by the French marines with their muskets, that the piece could not be served.

But there were no more broadsides. Mr. Allyn knew how to handle his ship, and an experienced cockswain could not have laid his boat alongside a pier-landing more neatly than did our sailing-master lay us on board the French ship. Our starboard bow struck her between the main and mizzen rigging on the starboard side, and when the grappling-irons had been thrown and secured we had shot ahead so that our stern swung up against her bows, the yards of the two ships being thoroughly interlocked.

The moment the grapplings had been thrown, Mr. McGregor gave the word for his boarders to follow him, at the same time pointing with his sword over the top-gallant forecastle. I believe Jack Miller was the first to land upon the Frenchman's poop. He had no business there, for he had charge of a division of the sail-trimmers ; but he had asked permission, and received it. Mr. McGregor was the second ; and I know that I was not far behind him. As I leaped upon the poop of the enemy, I saw before me a scene that thrilled me through and through. A deck lumbered with disordered rigging ; two guns hurled back against the wardroom-hatch ; a dense mass of howling men, crying out in a language which I did not understand, with bristling pikes and gleaming cutlasses, and threatening pistols. I was just wondering why our ingress had not been more seriously opposed, and why the Frenchmen had left their poop when we started to come over the rail, when the whole thing was made apparent. The distance from the break of this poop to the deck was about seven feet ; and, as both ladders had been unshipped, we had got either to leap that distance or let ourselves down by the mizzen rigging. When we looked to see where we should leap, we beheld a barrier of upturned pikes ; and if we went down by the rigging, we could be cut off as fast as we could go. But there was no time for consideration. I had hardly reached the mizzen-mast, when, up from the thronging deck below us, came a shower of bullets from carbines and pistols. Jack Miller was upon my right hand, and Fiddy Cummings was upon my left ; and we three, with Mr. McGregor, were the foremost of our division. I saw Jack draw a pistol and shoot a pikeman below him ; and then, striking away another pike, he leaped down. With a loud cry, such as I had given in other times when engaged in the mimic battle of "snow-balling," I made the leap. I struck fairly upon the shoulders of a short pikeman, and, as he went down beneath my weight, I came to the deck without much jar.

Long years have passed since that sanguinary hour, and I have many, many times lived over these scenes ; but I have never been able to account for the feelings that controlled me as I found myself upon that deck, surrounded by thronging enemies, all pressing upon me to take my life—pikes thrusting, cutlasses flashing, petronels and pistols belching forth their smoke and flame with deafening crash, while the mad shouts of the struggling foemen, mingled with the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying, gave a frightful climax to the din of battle,—all this about me, and yet the thought that there was bodily danger to me never entered my mind. I saw human forms before me—forms that would once have claimed my sympathy, in that God made them, but which now only inspired me with fury, in that they were enemies and had sent death to my friends, and splashed the heart's blood of my mate into my face,—forms only, not Men,—and I struck at them, never thinking that, from out the ghastly rent my cutlass made, a human soul was taking its flight ! Had such a reflection come to me, I might have trembled, but it did not ; and I pressed on, swaying my heavy cutlass with a strong hand, remembering only that the end I sought was victory.

I saw but little of that battle. All I saw was what occurred within the very small area of which my own self formed the centre. I knew that our division had all gained the Frenchman's deck, and I knew that another division of our boarders, led by the gallant Dorick, had gained ingress by the way of the forecastle. Once I came very near to my death. A stout, burly Frenchman, with a fierce oath on his lips, had driven the point of his cutlass against my bosom, when a stray bullet struck his right elbow, and his arm dropped. I had started back, and might have killed him now, but I spared him. I say that was a narrow escape ; I know not but that I had a hundred more full as narrow. Men fell around me on every hand, but I had fallen not yet. Right and left I cut, Fiddy still by my side, and he, too, as yet unharmed.

We had passed the ward-room hatch, and were pressing towards the mainmast, when I saw two men set upon our first lieutenant. One of them he cut down, and was engaged with the other, when a third stepped up directly before him, and presented a pistol to his bosom. I heard McGregor distinctly articulate, "*My God, I'm, done for !*" and I caught the expression upon his smoke-grimmed face, and it plainly gave silent echo to the words he had spoken. It all happened like a flash,—his striking down the first, engaging the second, the coming of the third, and, while the pendulum of a clock could have made a single vibration, I had leaped forward and struck down the arm that extended the pistol, just as the finger had pressed the trigger—not the tenth part of a second to spare, for the bullet entered the deck at the lieutenant's feet. The man turned upon me with a savage cry, and I dashed at him with my point just as McGregor laid his second man low.

Through fire, and smoke, and blood we had reached the main fife-rail, when we discovered that Mr. Dorick's division had gained the gangway, thus crushing the enemy between us—aye, literally crushing them ; for, when those who had been pressed forward were met by those who had been pressed aft, they came together in wild confusion.

And now, for the first time, I obtained a fair view of the French commander. I saw him leap upon the main-hatch, and I heard him cry out, in plain English :

"*Hold !* WE SURRENDER !"

And Mr. McGregor hastened to the French captain's side, and, in his clear, ringing voice, commanded :

"Hold, Englishmen ! Another blow would be cowardly !"

With a throbbing heart, wearied almost to breathlessness, and with steps fairly tottering, I leaned against the fife-rail for support, allowing the point of my cutlass to rest upon the deck ; but when, a moment later, the shout of victory broke from my shipmates, I lent my voice to swell the pæan, though I moved not from my rest. As I stood there, I swept my eyes over the scene, and a shudder crept through me that found its way to every nerve of my frame. Oh, it was horrible ! In one place, right under the gangway, and not more than two yards from where I stood, I saw where a stream of blood ran down the scupper !

I withdrew my gaze and bent my eyes to my feet, and there I saw a tiny pool of gore, not larger than a shilling, and the point of my cutlass rested in its centre ! I had just discovered this, and was looking at where the crimson drops had run down upon my blade, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a grateful voice sounded in my ears :

"Bravo ! my noble lad ! You have won a hero's laurels to-day ! Be sure Albert McGregor will never forget the service you have done him !"

It was the first lieutenant himself ; and, as he grasped my hand in his gratitude, my heart took an upward bound ; and when, a few moments later, Fiddy Cummings, safe and sound, came to congratulate me, the spirit of thankfulness possessed my soul, and for the time I forgot all the horrors of the scene in contemplation of our hard-earned victory.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BROTHER-IN-LAW.—In a late number of the *Ledger* the question was submitted as to whether a widower who should marry again would continue to be the brother-in-law of his first wife's brother. We have had many letters on the subject, nine-tenths of which answer the question in the negative. One correspondent, who says he is "a surrogate and knows all about the question," goes in strong on the negative, and puts the following illustration as a clincher : "Suppose," he says, "that A marries the sister of B, then of course B is his brother-in-law, and the uncle of his children by that marriage. But suppose that B's sister (Mrs. A) dies, and A marries again, and has children by that marriage, is B the uncle of those children? Of course he is not. In fact, he is not related to them at all. Therefore he cannot be A's brother-in-law ; for a man's brother-in-law must be the uncle of his children. This, I think, is conclusive." Now let us see if it is conclusive. Our surrogate says, "a man's brother-in-law must be the uncle of his children ;" and if this be so, then the uncle of a man's children must be his brother-in-law. Now B continues to be the uncle of A's children by his first wife (who was B's sister) notwithstanding her death, and therefore, according to the logic of the surrogate, he must also continue to be A's brother-in-law. But the actual truth of the matter is, that, in a legal sense, there is no real *relationship* or *kindred* between brothers-in-law, at all. There is only *affinity*, and that ceases on the death of the wife.

SCIPIO puts the following case : "A young gentleman, whose moral character is perfectly sound, and who is also of the highest respectability, becomes acquainted with a young lady ; and for a short time following is led by her manner to think that he stands well in her graces. Suddenly her manner is changed and she treats him with the barest civility. This effect is usually caused either by slander of the gentleman or coquetry on the part of the girl. We suspect that it resulted, in this case, from the former, but we have no positive proof. Now would you advise the gentleman to conduct himself as distantly towards the lady as she does towards him, or should he rather ask Cupid's fair deputy the cause of her dislike—*if etiquette allows it*—in an open and frank way?" If the affair is a matter of importance to him, he should seek to ascertain from the young lady the reason of her sudden change of conduct towards him. A man of tact and intelligence could do this without giving her offence or putting himself in a false position ; but he who is lacking in those matters must take his chance for blunders and complications.

N. Y. L.—The man who "maintains that *Sunday* is the first day of the week is right. His opponent, who thinks that Sunday is the *last*, and Monday the *first* day of the week, is probably confused by confounding the Christian Sunday with the Jewish Sabbath. The latter *is* the last or seventh day of the week, and is regarded by the Jews, by the sect known as Sabbattarians, and by the Seventh-day Baptists, as the only true Sabbath ; hence those sects hold their religious meetings on the seventh day, or Saturday. You must not confound the Sabbattarian *sect* above mentioned with those who on account of advocating a rigorous religious observance of *Sunday* are also called Sabbattarians. The latter class are scattered among all the Christian denominations ; while the former comprise a *sect* by themselves, and publicly worship God on the Seventh day (Saturday) in edifices of their own.

CLERK (Washington).—If the young lady is under twenty-one years of age, her father has a perfect right to control her conduct, and she should yield implicit obedience to his wishes, so far as choice of society is concerned, as well as in other matters. If she loves you, and you love her, "as per statement," you can both very well afford to wait until she attains her majority before entering into an engagement. By that time, you ought to have saved a handsome sum wherewith to furnish you out for the future. It is never wise for a couple to be in haste in regard to marriage. The discipline of cheerful waiting for a few years always has a beneficent effect upon the character of the good ; and the evil should remain single in any event.

AN OLD MAID.—If it be really true, as you intimate, that you are thirty years old and "have been ardently trying for many years to catch a husband, but without success," the chances are that you will never catch one. You certainly will not so long as you make that the chief end and aim of your life, unless you should chance to stumble upon some half-witted man who would not know enough to escape your toils. But if you should stop "trying to catch a husband," and devote yourself to the cultivation of your mind by study and of your heart by good works, the chances that some husband would catch you would be greatly increased.

J. W. H.—Your statement that "the *sum* of any number of terms beginning with One, and doubling, is always an odd number," is correct, but that does not seem to be the point at issue. The question is, or at least is supposed to be, as to what would be the price of a thirty-fourth apple,—the first being sold for one cent ; the second, for two ; the third, for four ; and so on, doubling up to the thirty-fourth. The price of each apple (after the first) would be an even number, as the *doubling* of any figure or whole number whatever produces an even sum.

MATHEMATICIAN. — A "cool-headed mathematician," such as you claim to be, should avoid the use of disrespectful and ungentlemanly language, and also of petty "flings," in discussing a question. Your opponent got the best of you mainly by reason of his discreet and gentlemanly course, and not on account of any superiority in mathematical knowledge. Ill-temper and vulgarity are heavy weights for any man to carry when competing for victory and favor before any public tribunal.

WOODSTOCK.—If the young man really loves you, his love will before long overcome his timidity sufficiently to enable him to "declare himself." You should not attempt to "lure him on to a declaration." Let the affair come to maturity without any forcing on your part.

H. D.—If there is no vacancy at the Military Academy at West Point from the Congressional district in which you reside, you can not get appointed, unless you wait for a vacancy to occur, or remove to a district where one now exists.

GEORGE.—Your teacher undoubtedly meant what he said when he remarked that "you always get more than your money's worth in the *Ledger*." We do not see how there can very well be two opinions on that point.

J. W., Company G, 42nd U. S. Infantry.—The postage on the *Ledger* is twenty cents a year, payable quarterly or yearly in advance, by the subscriber, at the post-office where he gets his paper.

THRALL.—No one can tell you "exactly" how much gold and silver there is extant in the world. Computations are frequently made on such data as are accessible, and the sum total is approximated sufficiently to enable persons of good imagination to write enteringly on the subject. Some of the latest computations fix the aggregate value of the gold and silver now in use on the entire globe at six billions of dollars, ($6,000,000,000). By far the greater portion of this is in the form of useful and ornamental articles, such as rings, bracelets, chains, gold and silver ware, watches, etc. It has been estimated that the gold rings in use in the United States would pay the national debt, but that is evidently an exaggeration. If we call the national debt, in round numbers, two billions and five hundred millions of dollars, ($2,500,000,000,) and then reckon that the gold rings *in use* in the United States are worth an average sum of ten dollars each, it would take two hundred and fifty millions of them to pay the debt ; or call them worth a hundred dollars each, (which would be far beyond the mark, as any one can readily see,) and it would take twenty-five millions of them to pay the national debt, which is a far greater number than is in use, unless every person, black and white, over ten years of age, wears one.

BELLE.—Your quotation is erroneous in the first and last lines. It should be thus :

"O Nature, how blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of Creation enchantingly thrown ;
But they're nothing compared to the lustre that plays
In a smile from the heart which is fondly our own."

You substitute *the* for *thy* in the first line, and quite pervert the meaning of the last line by writing, "In *the* smile from *a* heart." Moore meant *the* heart, *the one heart* selected out from all other hearts ; whereas, "*a* heart" means any one of many hearts, or *any* heart, which is fondly one's own. Godfrey Fenton, the hero of Miss Dupuy's "Evil Genius," now publishing in the *Ledger*, had many hearts devoted to him, which were all fondly his own ; while Inez Lopez, one of the heroines, had but one heart in all the world which she believed to be devoted to her ; and to her nothing was or could be so enchanting as the lustre which played in a smile from *the* heart which in her innocence and trustfulness she verily believed was fondly her own. For a merciful Providence has so ordered things that, where a girl's deception is complete as to her lover's devotion, her faith in him, so long as it continues, serves her just as well as his own fidelity and truthfulness would.

MOTHERLESS.—The offended lover who returned your letter unopened, and who claims that his mind has become poisoned against you by statements that have been made to him by parties to you unknown, is doubtless himself unfaithful to his plighted troth and is simply "playing a game" in order to get legally released from his engagement. Your best course would be to let him go. He is evidently a narrow-minded and selfish fellow, who would lead you a sorry and miserable life in case you should marry him. You will find, on reflection, that you do not love him with anything like the "undying devotion" which you suppose, and that your loss of him will not occasion you a tithe of the unhappiness which you now imagine it will. Your love for him is founded on a total misapprehension of his character, and as soon as you see him in his true colors your affection will turn to indifference and perhaps to disgust.

KENTUCKIAN.—This young man says, "I have never kept company with any girl, simply because I don't know how to ask a girl for her company. I fought through the late war, and have had a good many scrimmages with wild animals, and never felt a bit of fear ; but when it comes to asking a girl for her company I'm a right-down poltroon. The fact is, *I don't know what to do.* When a bear or catamount's before me, I know just what to do exactly ; and so I did when my enemies were before me in the war, and I always went in and did it. But I can't treat a girl in that way, and so I'm upset every time. Now won't you please tell me what to say to a girl when I want to go home with her from any place. *Give me the very words*, and I'll be your everlasting friend." All that is necessary for you to say is, "Miss ——, may I have the pleasure of seeing you home?"

FORSAKEN WIFE.—Here is another wife whose life is made miserable by her husband's conduct. They are still young, and were happy until the persistent interference of the husband's relatives estranged his affections and wrought irreparable mischief. So many of these sad cases are unfolded to us that we sometimes become heart-sick over the accumulated domestic griefs and misery thus spread out to our view. Of course we can render but little aid to the sufferers, as we know scarcely anything of their characters and are never put in possession of all the facts of any given case. Nor can any one speak peace to a heart thus tried, save the Father of us all, on compliance of that heart with His eternal decrees.

PETALUMA, (California).—The young man who, on the gentleman's saying that the circus you had all just attended was a very poor one replied that he "had been to five hundred circuses and never saw a better one," could not justly be accused of charging the gentleman with falsehood, as the latter and his friends maintain. The young man, at the worst, so far as the mere words are concerned, was guilty of nothing more than rudeness in the expression of his opinion. But in such cases the *manner* often adds to, and sometimes *interprets* the speech in a way that can only be understood by those who are present ; and this fact renders it impossible for any but eye-witnesses to judge such a matter correctly.

O. S.—The phrase "argentiferous galena," means *silver-bearing lead*, that is, lead ore in which silver is found in greater or less quantities—usually less. Before you part with your money for the "large tract of land abounding in argentiferous galena," you should make the most searching inquiries in regard to the land, and also concerning the parties with whom you would have to deal. As a rule, you cannot safely rely upon anything which is told you by parties having such property to sell.

FRED.—Why do you not go into the country in search of employment? You say that you have walked the streets of the city from morning till night in search of work, and yet have not had anything to do for over a year. That year's living must have cost you (or somebody else) several hundred dollars ; and yet all those twelve months might have been put to good use in the country, or in Western villages where the demand for *workers* far exceeds the supply.

GRIEF.—If your husband continues to allow the young man to whom you refer "to take him away from his business, at all hours of the day, on all sorts of excuses," his business will be pretty certain to be taken away from him before a great while. Your anxiety is not only natural but commendable, and you should "abate" that young man as soon as possible. He is probably a decoy, who is leading your husband into bad practices.

E. W. H.—We cannot tell how long you would have to study in order to become a practical engineer, as we know neither your natural capacity nor your present degree of advancement in knowledge. Call upon some engineer and have a talk with him, and perhaps he could tell you about how long it would take you to reach the goal of your ambition.

HISTORIAN.—In several biographical sketches of "Stonewall" Jackson, his name is given as Thomas *Jefferson* Jackson ; but in Mr. Greeley's "American Conflict" the General is spoken of as Thomas *Jonathan* Jackson. We believe that Mr. Greeley is correct, as he is generally considered one of the very best living authorities on such matters.

YOUNG MAN.—The widow who is more than half as old again as you are shows good sense in hesitating to marry you. If her final decision is to be governed by our opinion, it will be adverse, for in our judgment she would act very unwisely were she to marry you.

BOURGEOIS.—The pronunciation of French words, containing the French nasal sounds, cannot be represented in print so that a person ignorant of the French language can speak such words correctly.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

OUR TERMS.

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No. 90 Beekman street, New York.